SUPERMAN

No. 64 SEPT.

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

ACTION COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

10¢

In this issue:

SUPERMAN MEETS A NEW AND CLEVER ADVERSARY IN "THE TERRIBLE TOYMAN"

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SUPERMAN'S
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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK,
Senior Staff Member,
CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

MOUNTED MESSENGER
By Cornelia Meigs

Mary Ann Hall's father was killed in a duel in the year 1800. Her mother died soon after. Mary Ann was just FIVE, and she became Captain Jo Hall's ward. He was a sea captain, and he took Mary Ann on his ship, the Mountain Laurel, to Philadelphia.

When Paul decided he was long-term leave to his father's old friend, Captain Jo Hall, he left Mary Ann with the Captain's wife, Mrs. Hannah, and went to sea. Mary Ann was very lonely, and she was glad when Mrs. Hannah decided it was time to take the road. They set up tavern and Mary Ann helped with the work. Then Paul came back and they were all happy together.

Mary Ann's adventures are told in a way that makes them the French and Indian wars preparing to fight the British. Mary Ann's father was killed in a duel because he was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory. Mary Ann's father was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory. Mary Ann's father was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory. Mary Ann's father was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory.

The letter of General Braddock's British soldiers that Mary Ann's father was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory. Mary Ann's father was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory. Mary Ann's father was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory.

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SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE
(Little Memory No. 1)

Spell out the following message (27 in the code) by finding the proper letter in the code.

REFERENCE
A. 1938 COMICS
B. LEGIONED STOCK, U. S. A.

Mary Ann's father was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory. Mary Ann's father was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory. Mary Ann's father was a Tory. Mary Ann's mother died because she was a Tory.

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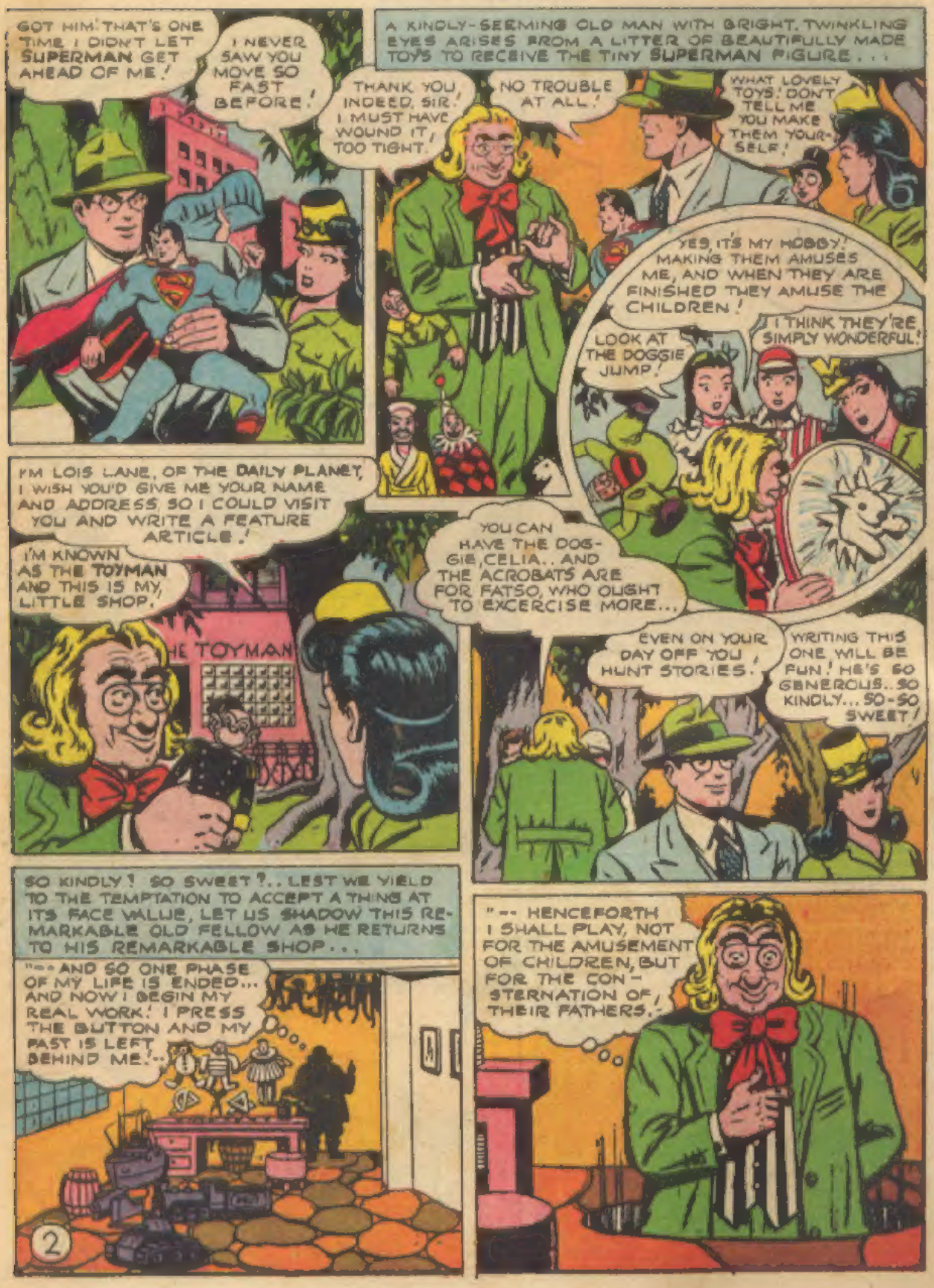
SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
CHILDREN AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO FIND FASCINATION IN TOYS! HERE'S THE STORY OF A WILY OLD MAN WHO HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO THE MOST INTRICATE AND AMAZING TOYS YOU'VE EVER SEEN--AND HAS LEARNED SO WELL TO MAKE THEM DO HIS BIDDING THAT HE BECOMES A NATIONAL MENACE!... SUPERMAN, WHOSE MATCHLESS STRENGTH AND SKILL HAVE VANQUISHED THE MIGHTIEST CRIMINALS AND THE MOST TREMENDOUS OBSTACLES IMAGINABLE, HAS NEVER HAD A STRANGER ADVENTURE THAN THIS, IN WHICH HE COMES TO GRIPS WITH--
"THE TERRIBLE TOYMAN!"

WHAT COULD BE LESS LIKELY TO LEAD TO TROUBLE THAN A STROLL IN THE PARK ON A SUNNY, SERENE SUNDAY?
NO WORK, NO WORRIES... ISN'T IT GRAND, LOIS?
BIRDS SINGING... SQUIRRELS CHATTERING... CHILDREN PLAYING...

NO NOISE, NO EXCITEMENT, NO--HUH? WHAT'S THIS?
SUPERMAN... IN MINIATURE!
HEY! CATCH HIM, MISTER!

IL 64
Sept 41

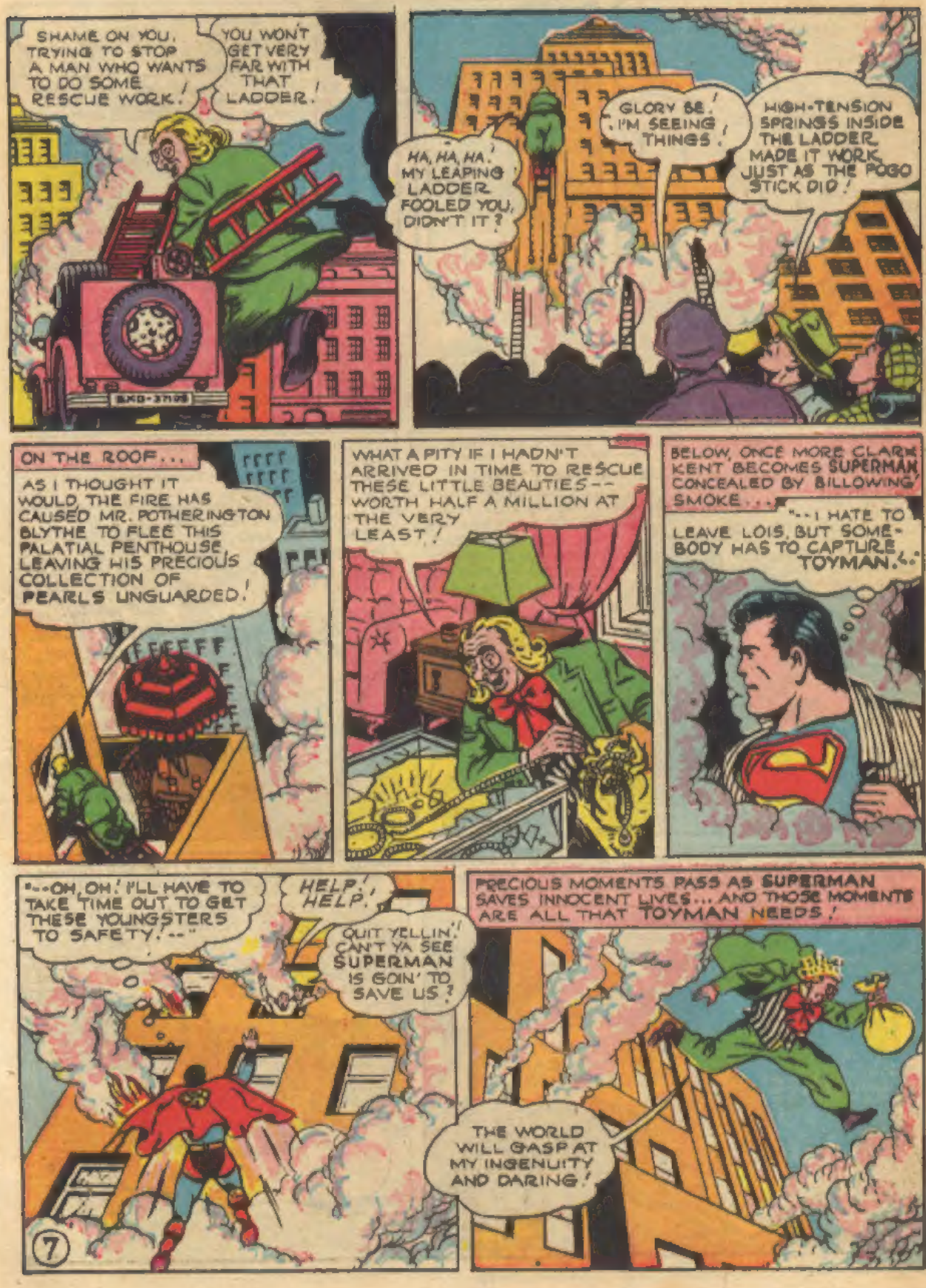

GOT HIM! THAT'S ONE TIME I DIDN'T LET SUPERMAN GET AHEAD OF ME!
I NEVER SAW YOU MOVE SO FAST BEFORE!
A KINDLY-SEEMING OLD MAN WITH BRIGHT, TWINKLING EYES ARISES FROM A LITTER OF BEAUTIFULLY MADE TOYS TO RECEIVE THE TINY SUPERMAN FIGURE . . .
THANK YOU, INDEED, SIR! I MUST HAVE WOUND IT, TOO TIGHT.
NO TROUBLE AT ALL!
WHAT LOVELY TOYS! DON'T TELL ME YOU MAKE THEM YOURSELF!
YES, IT'S MY HOBBY! MAKING THEM AMUSES ME, AND WHEN THEY ARE FINISHED THEY AMUSE THE CHILDREN!
LOOK AT THE DOGGIE JUMP!
I THINK THEY'RE SIMPLY WONDERFUL!
I'M LOIS LANE, OF THE DAILY PLANET, I WISH YOU'D GIVE ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, SO I COULD VISIT YOU AND WRITE A FEATURE ARTICLE!
I'M KNOWN AS THE TOYMAN AND THIS IS MY LITTLE SHOP.
TOYMAN
YOU CAN HAVE THE DOGGIE, CELIA.. AND THE ACROBATS ARE FOR FATSO, WHO OUGHT TO EXCERCISE MORE...
EVEN ON YOUR DAY OFF YOU HUNT STORIES.
WRITING THIS ONE WILL BE FUN! HE'S SO GENEROUS.. SO KINDLY... SO-SO SWEET!
SO KINDLY? SO SWEET?.. LEST WE YIELD TO THE TEMPTATION TO ACCEPT A THING AT ITS FACE VALUE, LET US SHADOW THIS REMARKABLE OLD FELLOW AS HE RETURNS TO HIS REMARKABLE SHOP . . .
"-- AND SO ONE PHASE OF MY LIFE IS ENDED... AND NOW I BEGIN MY REAL WORK! I PRESS THE BUTTON AND MY PAST IS LEFT BEHIND ME!..
"-- HENCEFORTH I SHALL PLAY, NOT FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF CHILDREN, BUT FOR THE CONSTERNATION OF THEIR FATHERS.
2

IN A CELLAR DEEP BENEATH THE CITY STREETS, THE TOYMAN HAS A SECRET WORKSHOP, TOOLED WITH THE LATEST PRECISION MACHINERY...
PEOPLE HAVE LAUGHED, THINKING ME A HARMLESS OLD ECCENTRIC! LITTLE DO THEY SUSPECT THAT I HAVE BECOME THE WORLD'S CLEVEREST TOYMAKER FOR REASONS OF MY OWN.'
RICHES AND POWER SHALL BE MINE BECAUSE OF MY INGENIUS TOYS! THEN IT WILL BE MY TURN TO LAUGH AT THE WORLD!, HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
NEXT DAY, IN THE PLANET NEWSROOM, LOIS RECEIVES A NOTE...
THAT'S FUNNY.. CLARK, HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT A PARADE SCHEDULED FOR TODAY?
PARADE? NO... WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
THE TOYMAN! WONDER IF THERE COULD BE A HIDDEN MEANING IN HIS MESSAGE?
My dear Miss Lane: I'm sure you will get a good story for your paper if you follow the parade on High Street at noon today. The Toyman
JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING! IT'S NOON NOW-- TIME FOR LUNCH.. WHY DON'T WE TAKE A WALK OVER THAT WAY, JUST IN CASE?
A PARADE?, YES, INDEED! PROMPTLY AT NOON IT STARTS, WITH BAND PLAYING, FLAGS FLYING AND SOLDIERS MARCHING IN PERFECT FORMATION..
WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED! WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?
THEY HAVEN'T GOT A PARADE PERMIT... BUT I'D LOOK SILLY HANDIN' A SUMMONS TO A TOY GENERAL!
BUY ME THEM, POP! WILL YA, POP?
3
LOOK, CLARK! THAT'S WHAT HE MEANT! OH, AREN'T THEY CUTE?
NO DOUBT... BUT OUR FRIEND THE TOYMAN HAS GONE TO CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE TO AMUSE PEOPLE THIS TIME-- IF THAT'S HIS REAL PURPOSE.'

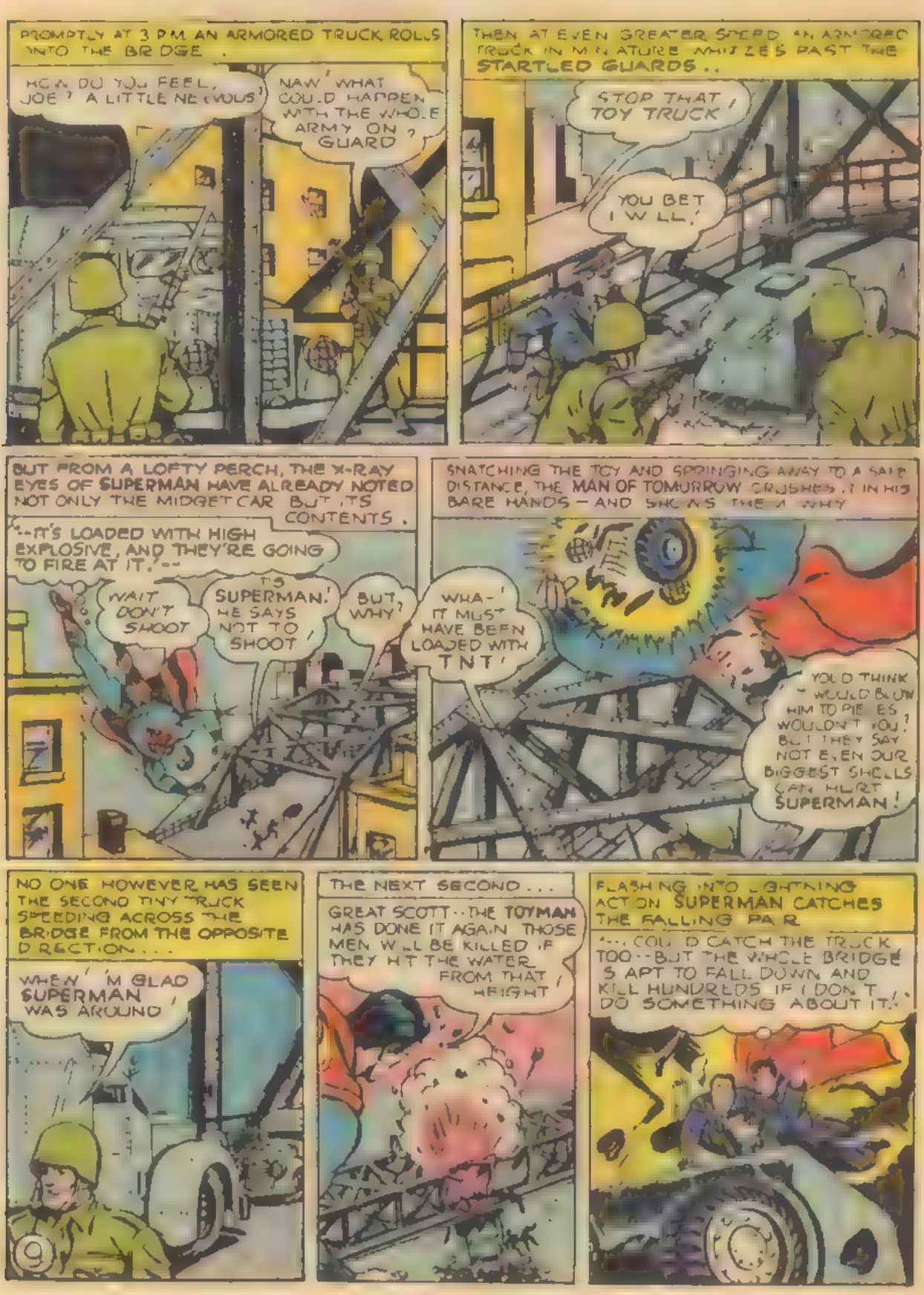
SO INTERESTED ARE THE CROWDS IN THE MARCH OF THE MIDGET REGIMENT THAT HARDLY ANYONE NOTICES A LITTLE OLD MAN HOPPING TOWARD THE SCENE ON--OF ALL THINGS--A POGO STICK!
HERE THEY COME--MY LITTLE WARRIORS! THE ADVANCE GUARD OF MY CAMPAIGN FOR WEALTH--, AND NOT ONE IS OUT OF STEP!
BANK
ABRUPTLY, AS IF THE TOY COMMANDER HAD SNAPPED AN ORDER, THE COLUMN WHEELS IN FRONT OF THE BANK...
I'VE SEEN THE CADETS MARCH AT WEST POINT, AND THEY AREN'T A BIT BETTER!
SO THAT'S IT--A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR THE BANK!
WITHIN THE BANK, THE TOYMAN PRESSES ONE OF A ROW OF RADIO CONTROL BUTTONS ON HIS POGO STICK...
"--THIS IS THE BUTTON THAT HALTS THEM AND GIVES THE FIRING SIGNAL--"
LOOK AT 'EM!
HAW, HAW, HAW!
THE NEXT INSTANT...
"--THAT GAS WILL STOP THEIR LAUGHTER.--"
I'M CHOKING!.. MY THROAT'S BURNING!
I'M GOING TO FAINT...
AS MEN AND WOMEN SWOON, THE WEIRD OLD FELLOW MOUNTS HIS POGO STICK AGAIN AND MAKES LONG, KANGAROO-LIKE LEAPS.
NOW FOR THE GREENBACKS!
NEARING THE BANK BUILDING, CLARK KENT BECOMES AWARE THAT SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG...
THAT SMELL.. IT'S GAS OF SOME KIND!
HMM-PERHAPS THE TOYMAN ISN'T SO HARMLESS AFTER ALL! (--WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR SUPERMAN TO START PLAYING!--)
BANK
LOOK INSIDE--(COUGH) EVERYBODY'S ON THE FLOOR! (COUGH)
4
DARTING FROM LOIS' SIDE INTO A DOORWAY, THE YOUNG REPORTER GETS RID OF HIS OUTER CLOTHING SO SWIFTLY THAT NO EYE NOTICES THE MOTION...
"--LOIS WILL BE SO BUSY TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING, SHE WON'T MISS CLARK KENT!--"

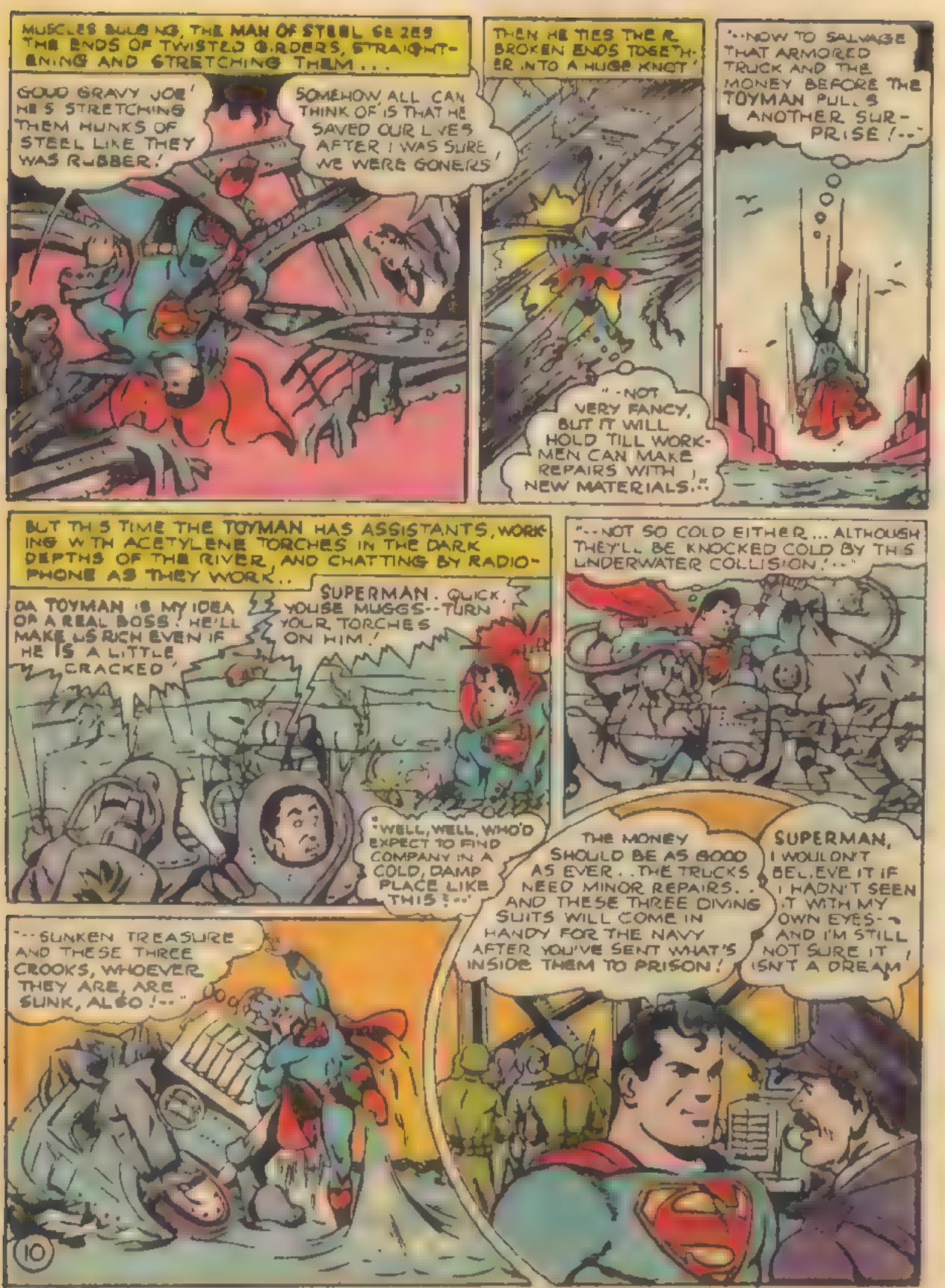
AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER SUPERMAN STREAKS INTO THE GAS-FILLED BANK!
SUPERMAN!
GEE-HE AIN'T AFRAID OF GAS OR NOTHIN'!
"...HAVE TO GET THE PEOPLE OUT IN A HURRY! THE GAS MAY BE DEADLY!--"
"-- THE TOYMAN, A VICTIM OF HIS OWN GAS! I'LL GET TO HIM WHEN I'VE CLEARED OUT THE OTHERS!
BUT AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW SWOOPS INTO BACK OFFICES TO RESCUE EMPLOYES OVERCOME BY THE FUMES . . .
"-THE CAPSULES IN MY NOSTRILS KEPT THE GAS FROM BOTHERING ME--BUT I'D BETTER BE ON MY WAY BEFORE SUPERMAN DISCOVERS THE STUFF ISN'T DEADLY, BUT ONLY PUTS PEOPLE TO SLEEP!--"
"TOYMAN! YOU PLANNED ALL THIS! YOU-YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A THIEF!
BUT A VERY REMARKABLE THIEF, MY DEAR MISS LANE! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS AS I TOUCH THIS BUTTON ON MY FLYING POGO STICK!
A POWERFUL SPRING WITHIN THE POGO STICK IS RELEASED, AND THE QUEER OLD MAKER OF TOYS ROCKETS SKYWARD!
SUPERMAN, IT'S THE TOYMAN! CATCH HIM!
NOTHING I'D LIKE BETTER - BUT I CAN'T VERY WELL LEAVE THOSE PEOPLE IN THE BANK...
BANK
5
MEANWHILE AS THE FUGITIVE REACHES THE LIMITS OF HIS PRODIGIOUS LEAP...
NOW FOR A PERFECT ONE-POINT LANDING!

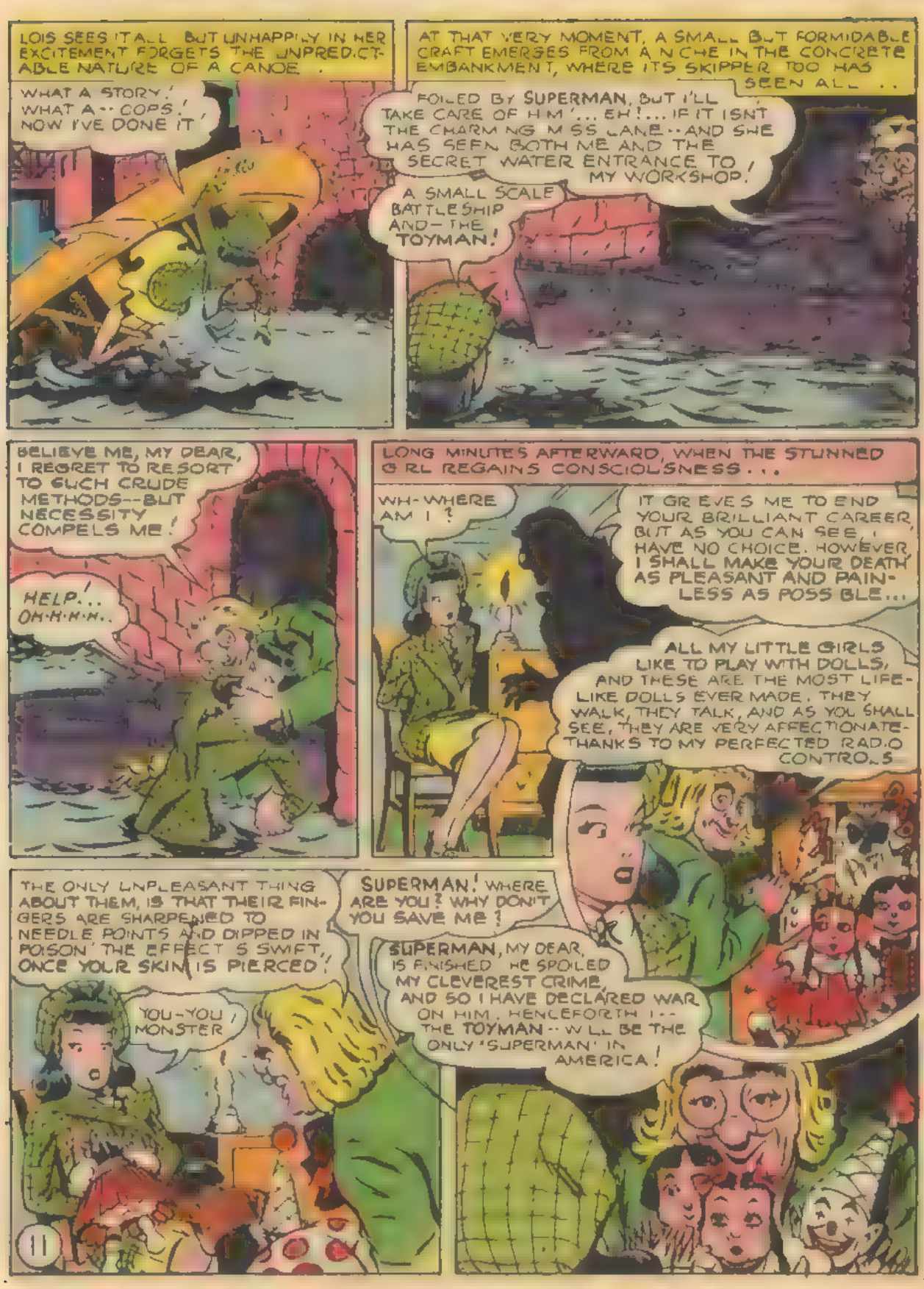
A SILKEN PARACHUTE BURSTS FROM THE TOP OF HIS STRANGE STEED AND . . .
ALL METROPOLIS--YES, ALL AMERICA--WILL KNOW THE NAME OF THE TOYMAN WITHIN THE NEXT FEW HOURS. AND SOON THEY WILL KNOW IT EVEN BETTER.
OUT OF THE OBSCURITY WHICH HAS CLOUDED HIS LIFE, THE TOYMAN RISES AT A SINGLE BOUND TO WIDESPREAD, IF DUBIOUS, FAME.
EXTRA
LATE
DAILY PLANET
TOYMAN LOOTS BANK, AIDED BY TOY ARMY!
SUPERMAN SAVES VICTIMS FROM GAS AS ROBBER FLEES ON POGO STICK
By LOIS LANE
IN DUE TIME, LOIS RECEIVES A NOTE OF APPRECIATION:
My dear Miss Lane! Thanks for the publicity! Be sure not to miss any fires today, because one of them will produce big headlines. Ever your grateful friend— The Toyman
FIRE ENGINES USUALLY COME AFTER THE FIRE HAS STARTED -- BUT THIS ONE ARRIVES AHEAD OF TIME AT AN EXCLUSIVE MIDTOWN APARTMENT HOUSE . . .
WHA--? A TOY FIRE ENGINE! I'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO THOSE KIDS AGAIN!
. . . AND BRINGS THE FIRE WITH IT IN THE FORM OF A SHATTERING INCENDIARY BLAST!
SPREADING FLAMES CAUSE A TRIPLE-ALARM TO BE SOUNDED, AND POLICE, FIREMEN AND REPORTERS DASH TO THE SCENE...
6
BUT WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A SMALL-BOY-SIZE RED VEHICLE RACES THROUGH THE POLICE LINES--AND DRIVING IT IS NONE OTHER THAN--
CLEAR THE WAY!
STOP HIM!
THE TOYMAN!
PUTT-PUTT


SHAME ON YOU, TRYING TO STOP A MAN WHO WANTS TO DO SOME RESCUE WORK!
YOU WON'T GET VERY FAR WITH THAT LADDER!
HA, HA, HA! MY LEAPING LADDER FOOLED YOU, DIDN'T IT?
GLORY BE! I'M SEEING THINGS!
HIGH-TENSION SPRINGS INSIDE THE LADDER MADE IT WORK JUST AS THE POGO STICK DID!
ON THE ROOF...
AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD, THE FIRE HAS CAUSED MR. POTHERINGTON BLYTHE TO FLEE THIS PALATIAL PENTHOUSE, LEAVING HIS PRECIOUS COLLECTION OF PEARLS UNGUARDED!
WHAT A PITY IF I HADN'T ARRIVED IN TIME TO RESCUE THESE LITTLE BEAUTIES -- WORTH HALF A MILLION AT THE VERY LEAST!
BELOW, ONCE MORE CLARK KENT BECOMES SUPERMAN, CONCEALED BY BILLOWING SMOKE...
"--I HATE TO LEAVE LOIS, BUT SOMEBODY HAS TO CAPTURE TOYMAN.--"
"--OH, OH! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE TIME OUT TO GET THESE YOUNGSTERS TO SAFETY.--"
HELP! HELP!
QUIT YELLIN'! CAN'T YA SEE SUPERMAN IS GOIN' TO SAVE US?
PRECIOUS MOMENTS PASS AS SUPERMAN SAVES INNOCENT LIVES... AND THOSE MOMENTS ARE ALL THAT TOYMAN NEEDS!
THE WORLD WILL GASP AT MY INGENUITY AND DARING!
7

AND MILLIONS WILL ADMIRE MY FORETHOUGHT IN SUCH MATTERS AS THIS LIFE-NET, WAITING TO BREAK MY FALL.'
FF
HA HA HA HA HA HA--!!!!!
POP POP POP POP
"--EVERYONE IS OUT OF THE BUILDING... NO THANKS TO THE TOYMAN! SINCE HE GOT AWAY, I'LL MAKE A GETAWAY OF MY OWN AND ARRANGE AN ALIBI TO FACE LOIS WITH!--"
WHEN THE FIRE HAS BEEN BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL...
WHERE WERE YOU, CLARK KENT! YOU'RE ALWAYS DESERTING ME WHEN THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!
TAKE IT EASY, LOIS! CLARK DESERTED YOU TO GET THE STORY WRITTEN IN TIME FOR THE HOME EDITION--AND IT'S SO GOOD, I'M GIVING HIM A FRONT-PAGE BYLINE!
CONSIDER YOURSELF SCOOPED FOR A CHANGE, YOUNG LADY!
EMBOLDENED BY HIS SUCCESS, THE TOYMAN--PUBLICITY-MAD AS WELL AS MONEY-MAD--THROWS CAUTION TO THE WINDS...
HAVING OUTWITTED SUPERMAN AND THE POLICE TWICE, I SHALL NOW ISSUE A DIRECT CHALLENGE!
Dear Miss Lane: So Clark Kent beat you to our last story! Here's a chance to get even! At 3 p.m. today an armored truck, carrying half a million in cash, will start across East Bridge...and never reach the other side! Regards, The Toyman
THE NOTE IS RECEIVED... THE AUTHORITIES WARNED.. AND BY MID-AFTERNOON A SPECIAL DETAIL OF ARMY MEN STANDS GUARD OVER THE SWEEPING SPAN OF EAST BRIDGE...
ALL RIGHT... LET THIS CAR PROCEED, MEN!
YES, SIR!
8
WHILE BELOW, AT A LITTLE DISTANCE, A GIRL IN A CANOE KEEPS VIGIL...
"--I'LL SCOOP CLARK THIS TIME! I CAN SEE EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS, AND I WON'T BE CAUGHT IN ANY JAM THAT WOULD KEEP ME FROM GETTING BACK TO THE OFFICE IN A HURRY!--


PROMPTLY AT 3 P.M. AN ARMORED TRUCK ROLLS INTO THE BRIDGE.
HOW DO YOU FEEL, JOE? A LITTLE NERVOUS?
NAW! WHAT COULD HAPPEN WITH THE WHOLE ARMY ON GUARD?
THEN AT EVEN GREATER SPEED AN ARMORED TRUCK IN MINIATURE WHIZZES PAST THE STARTLED GUARDS..
STOP THAT TOY TRUCK!
YOU BET I WILL!
BUT FROM A LOFTY PERCH, THE X-RAY EYES OF SUPERMAN HAVE ALREADY NOTED NOT ONLY THE MIDGET CAR BUT ITS CONTENTS.
"--IT'S LOADED WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVE, AND THEY'RE GOING TO FIRE AT IT.'--
WAIT DON'T SHOOT
IT'S SUPERMAN! HE SAYS NOT TO SHOOT!
BUT, WHY?
SNATCHING THE TOY AND SPRINGING AWAY TO A SAFE DISTANCE, THE MAN OF TOMORROW CRUSHES IT IN HIS BARE HANDS — AND SHOWS THE REASON WHY
WHA-! IT MUST HAVE BEEN LOADED WITH TNT!
YOU'D THINK HE WOULD BLOW HIM TO PIECES, WOULDN'T YOU? BUT THEY SAY NOT EVEN OUR BIGGEST SHELLS CAN HURT SUPERMAN!
NO ONE HOWEVER HAS SEEN THE SECOND TINY TRUCK SPEEDING ACROSS THE BRIDGE FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...
WHEW! I'M GLAD SUPERMAN WAS AROUND!
THE NEXT SECOND...
GREAT SCOTT--THE TOYMAN HAS DONE IT AGAIN! THOSE MEN WILL BE KILLED IF THEY HIT THE WATER FROM THAT HEIGHT!
FLASHING INTO LIGHTNING ACTION SUPERMAN CATCHES THE FALLING PAIR
"...COULD CATCH THE TRUCK TOO--BUT THE WHOLE BRIDGE IS APT TO FALL DOWN AND KILL HUNDREDS IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!"
9


MUSCLES BULGING, THE MAN OF STEEL SEIZES THE ENDS OF TWISTED GIRDERS, STRAIGHTENING AND STRETCHING THEM...
GOOD GRAVY JOE! HE'S STRETCHING THEM HUNKS OF STEEL LIKE THEY WAS RUBBER!
SOMEHOW ALL CAN THINK OF IS THAT HE SAVED OUR LIVES AFTER I WAS SURE WE WERE GONERS!
THEN HE TIES THE BROKEN ENDS TOGETHER INTO A HUGE KNOT
"...NOT VERY FANCY, BUT IT WILL HOLD TILL WORKMEN CAN MAKE REPAIRS WITH NEW MATERIALS..."
"...NOW TO SALVAGE THAT ARMORED TRUCK AND THE MONEY BEFORE THE TOYMAN PULLS ANOTHER SURPRISE!..."
BUT THIS TIME THE TOYMAN HAS ASSISTANTS, WORKING WITH ACETYLENE TORCHES IN THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE RIVER, AND CHATTING BY RADIOPHONE AS THEY WORK..
DA TOYMAN IS MY IDEA OF A REAL BOSS! HE'LL MAKE US RICH EVEN IF HE IS A LITTLE CRACKED!
SUPERMAN. QUICK, YOUSE MUGGS--TURN YOUR TORCHES ON HIM!
"WELL, WELL, WHO'D EXPECT TO FIND COMPANY IN A COLD, DAMP PLACE LIKE THIS?..."
"...NOT SO COLD EITHER... ALTHOUGH THEY'LL BE KNOCKED COLD BY THIS UNDERWATER COLLISION!..."
THE MONEY SHOULD BE AS GOOD AS EVER. THE TRUCKS NEED MINOR REPAIRS.. AND THESE THREE DIVING SUITS WILL COME IN HANDY FOR THE NAVY AFTER YOU'VE SENT WHAT'S INSIDE THEM TO PRISON!
SUPERMAN, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES--AND I'M STILL NOT SURE IT ISN'T A DREAM
"...SUNKEN TREASURE AND THESE THREE CROOKS, WHOEVER THEY ARE, ARE SUNK, ALSO!..."
10


LOIS SEES IT ALL BUT UNHAPPILY IN HER EXCITEMENT FORGETS THE UNPREDICTABLE NATURE OF A CANOE .
WHAT A STORY! WHAT A-- COPS! NOW I'VE DONE IT
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SMALL BUT FORMIDABLE CRAFT EMERGES FROM A NICHE IN THE CONCRETE EMBANKMENT, WHERE ITS SKIPPER TOO HAS SEEN ALL ..
FOILED BY SUPERMAN, BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM'... EH!... IF IT ISN'T THE CHARMING MISS LANE--AND SHE HAS SEEN BOTH ME AND THE SECRET WATER ENTRANCE TO MY WORKSHOP!
A SMALL SCALE BATTLESHIP AND-- THE TOYMAN!
BELIEVE ME, MY DEAR, I REGRET TO RESORT TO SUCH CRUDE METHODS--BUT NECESSITY COMPELS ME!
HELP!... OH-H-H-H..
LONG MINUTES AFTERWARD, WHEN THE STUNNED GIRL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS . . .
WH-WHERE AM I?
IT GRIEVES ME TO END YOUR BRILLIANT CAREER, BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, I HAVE NO CHOICE. HOWEVER I SHALL MAKE YOUR DEATH AS PLEASANT AND PAINLESS AS POSSIBLE...
ALL MY LITTLE GIRLS LIKE TO PLAY WITH DOLLS, AND THESE ARE THE MOST LIFE-LIKE DOLLS EVER MADE. THEY WALK, THEY TALK, AND AS YOU SHALL SEE, THEY ARE VERY AFFECTIONATE-- THANKS TO MY PERFECTED RADIO CONTROLS
THE ONLY UNPLEASANT THING ABOUT THEM, IS THAT THEIR FINGERS ARE SHARPENED TO NEEDLE POINTS AND DIPPED IN POISON! THE EFFECT IS SWIFT, ONCE YOUR SKIN IS PIERCED!
SUPERMAN! WHERE ARE YOU? WHY DON'T YOU SAVE ME?
YOU-YOU MONSTER!
SUPERMAN, MY DEAR, IS FINISHED HE SPOILED MY CLEVEREST CRIME, AND SO I HAVE DECLARED WAR ON HIM, HENCEFORTH I-- THE TOYMAN-- WILL BE THE ONLY 'SUPERMAN' IN AMERICA!
11

WHERE'S SUPERMAN? JUST NOW HE'S FRANTICALLY SEARCHING FOR LOIS, WARNED BY A SIXTH SENSE OF DANGER . . .
CAN'T LOCATE EITHER HER OR THE TOYMAN - BUT BOTH OF THEM MUST HAVE BEEN NEAR THE SCENE! IF SHE HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THAT MADMAN . .
ABRUPTLY, HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS PICK UP THE PECULIAR WHINE OF RADIO CONTROL EQUIPMENT . .
ULTRA-SHORT WAVES, COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE TOYMAN'S SHOP! HMM . . . AND HE'S LEFT THAT PLACE!
ONCE AGAIN, IN THE SUPPOSEDLY EMPTY TOY SHOP THE PHENOMENAL X-RAY VISION OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW REVEALS SECRETS HIDDEN FROM ORDINARY EYES .
". . EMPTY . . BUT THE RADIO IMPULSES ARE COMING FROM BELOW! . . AND THERE SHE IS!"
SOLID STONE CRUMBLES BEFORE A BLASTING SHOWER OF BLOWS!
NOBODY INVITED ME - BUT THEN, THE HOST RARELY DOES IN CASES LIKE THIS.
SUPERMAN! THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE IN TIME
BE CAREFUL! YOU'RE BREAKING MY BEAUTIFUL DOLLS!
YOU HAVE YOUR IDEA OF FUN - AND THIS IS MINE!
OH, WHAT WILL I DO NOW! YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING! ALL MY DREAMS MY SENSATIONAL PLANS .
I'M SURE THE WARDEN AT STATE PRISON WILL APPRECIATE YOUR PECULIAR TALENTS, TOYMAN!
I'LL STAY THERE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO THINK OF A PLAN TO DESTROY YOU AND THEN I'LL BE BACK! HOW THE WORLD WILL LAUGH WHEN SUPERMAN IS DEFEATED BY A TOY! HA HA-HA-HA HA-HA-HA!
MINUTES LATER . . .
CLARK GET ME OUT OF THESE ROPES! SUPERMAN LEFT ME THIS WAY, AND EVERYBODY SEEMS TO THINK IT'S FUNNY! IT MAKES ME SO MAD . .
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING MAD! I'LL UNTIE YOU IN A JIFFY . .
JUST AS SOON AS I FINISH WRITING THE BIG STORY SUPERMAN GAVE ME ABOUT THE END OF THE TOYMAN!
WHY, YOU - YOU - YOU - I'LL FIX YOU! WAIT AND SEE IF I DON'T!
THE END

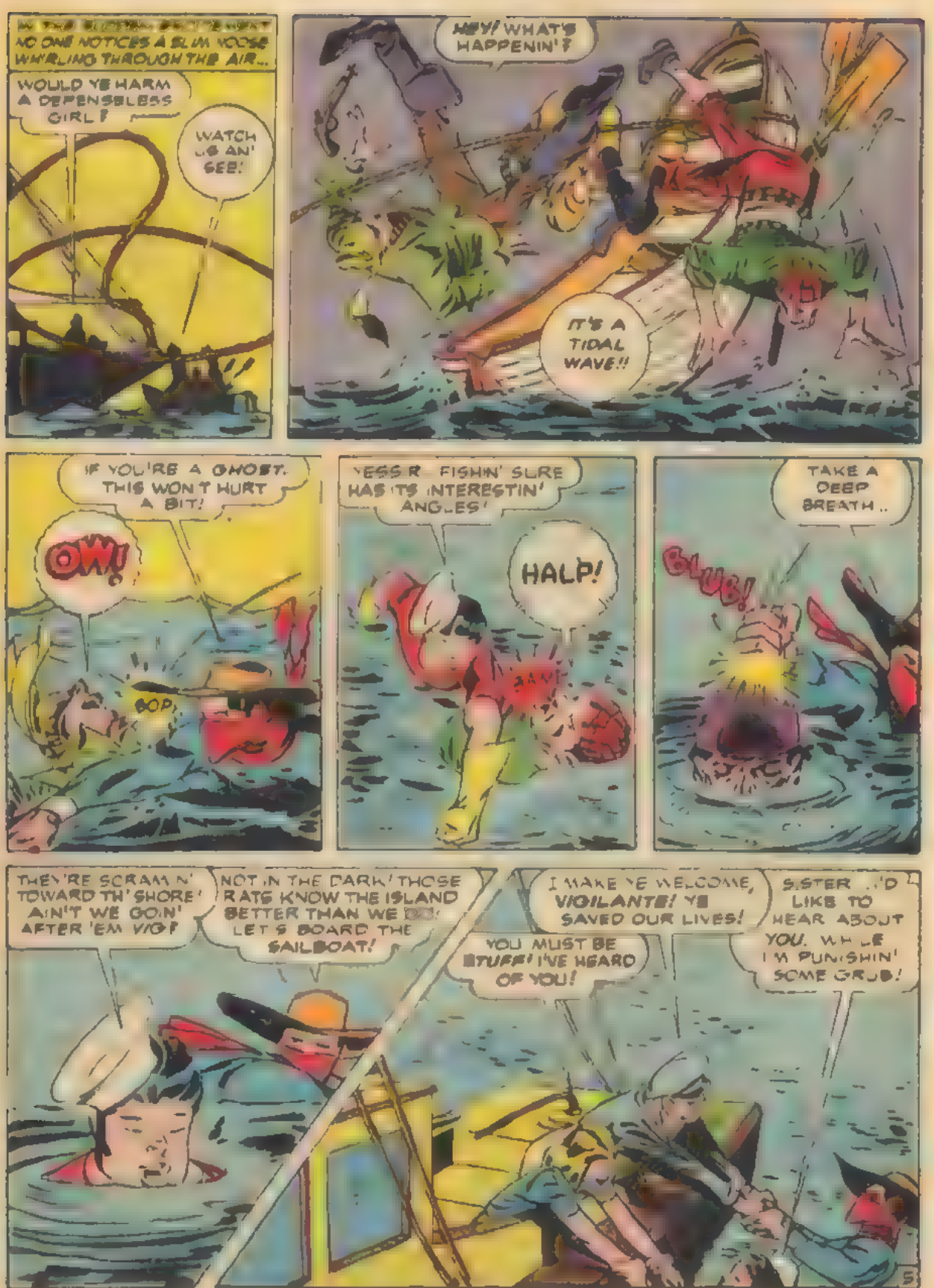
GREEN LANTERN
10¢
All Star Comics
BE SURE TO GET THESE TOP FAVORITES FOR THE BEST IN COMICS!
Wonder Woman
BOY COMMANDOS
YOU CAN CALL EARVIN HER E!
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC

The VIGILANTE
A CENTURY AFTER SHIPWRECKED SEA-ROBBERS PERISHED ON DEAD MAN'S KEY, SPECTRAL FIGURES BRAWL AND PIRATE SALTMEN SHANTEY UNDER A GHOSTLY MOON··· AND STRANGE FRIGHTENING TALES ARE WHISPERED UP AND DOWN THE FLORIDA COAST! BUT NONE IS MORE FANTASTIC THAN THIS STORY, IN WHICH THE DASHING VIGILANTE PLAYS A STARTLING NEW ROLE AS HE BATTLES SWASHBUCKLING BUCCANEERS AND MONSTERS OF THE DEEP TO REVEAL THE AMAZING SECRET BACK OF
"The TREASURE OF DEAD MAN'S KEY!"

SOME FOLKS M AT AN FLORIDA FISHING VILLAGE SEEM PESSIMISTIC ABOUT A CERTAIN SEA VOYAGE. JUST GETTING UNDER WAY...
CINTHY, I'M WARNIN' YE FOR THE LAST TIME DEAD MAN'S KEY IS HAUNTED! H'AN T I RGHT HEZEKIAH?
ALWAYS DEAR
AYE SURE SEEMS DOWNRIGHT IMPOLITE'
I AIN'T SO SURE TH' YOUNG UN SEEMS AS SHORT ON SENSE AS HER OL' MAN!
THAT OL' TUB O' YOURS'LL NEVER MAKE IT TED BUT I RECKON THERE AN T NO FOOL LIKE AN OL FOOL... EH, HEZEKIAH?
DON'T PAY 'EM NO MIND CINTHY
BUT TED CANTRELL AND HIS YOUNG DAUGHTER HAVE IDEAS OF THEIR OWN... AND THE COURAGE TO FOLLOW THEM THROUGH...
YE AN T SCARED BE YE, CINTHY? AN YE DON T DOUBT MY STORY ABOUT SIGHTIN' TH' WRECK O' THAT OL' PIRATE SHIP OFF DEAD MAN'S KEY!
I'M NOT A BIT SCARED PA NOT OF GHOSTS OR ANYTHING... AND OF COURSE I BELIEVE YOU!
IDEAS... AND DREAMS...
I SEEN THE TREASURE CHEST PLAIN AS DAY NOT THREE FATHOMS DOWN, AND FIGURED 'D USE THAT MONEY TO SEND YE TO A FINE SCHOOL, AN' MAKE A NICE LADY OUT O' YE'
BUT YOU WON'T FEEL BAD IF WE DON'T FIND IT AGAIN WILL YOU REMEMBER YOU'D BEEN STORM-TOSSED THAT DAY AND WERE ALL NO
AS DUSK GATHERS...
THERE SHE IS.. DEAD MAN'S KEY...WHERE THE PIRATES' SKELETONS WAS FOUND ON THE BEACH! WE'LL SLEEP ABOARD THE BOAT TONIGHT!
IT LOOKS GLOOMY AND LONESOME.
DEAD MAN'S KEY! A PALE MOON CASTS EERIE SHADOWS WHERE SWASHBUCKLING BUCCANEERS ONCE TROD.. AND SOME OF THE SHADOWS MOVE OMINOUSLY!
SUDDENLY..
EE-EEN WEN OL A DEAD MAN SCHEST YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE O RUM
WHA..?
OH-HH! PA IS SCARED!
2

AND NOW TO COMPLICATE MATTERS STILL MORE, WE MUST TURN BACK AGAIN TO MID-AFTERNOON AND TWO GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE COME FROM FAR PARTS TO FISH THESE WATERS.
I THOUGHT SA SAID FISHIN WAS EXCITIN' HT!
OH SING ME A SONG OF THE BOUNDING WAVE A ROLLICKING DEEP-SEA CHANTY--
GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR SINGS AUTHENTIC BALLADS ON THE RADIO BUT HE LOVES PARDNER STUFF, PREFERS IMPROVISATIONS.
HE USETA CATCH CROOKS BUT NOW IT'S FISH WHAT A COME DOWN FOR VIGILANTE...
SH-HHH! YOU'LL FRIGHTEN THE FISH AWAY!
THE NEXT MOMENT
WOW!
THE GAMEST FISH THAT SWIMS FIGHTS FIERCELY AND TIRELESSLY AGAINST A SKILLFUL ANGLER!
A SWORDFISH! HERE'S WHERE WE GET THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME, STUFF!!
THAT AIN'T A FISH...IT'S A SEA-SERPENT!
AND THE FISHERMAN LOSES!
HE GOT AWAY!
WHAT A SOUK HE PACKS
HE SMASHED THE RUDDER! WE'VE NO FOOD AND NIGHT'S COMING ON SO. LET'S RELAX!
AND SO FAR INTO THE NIGHT...
DRIFTING ALONG 'NEATH THE SILVERY MOON.. DREAMING OF WONDERS SO STRANGE...
YEARNIN' FOR THOSE JUICY HAMBURGER STEAKS SIZZLIN' HOME ON THE RANGE!

SUDDENLY A CRY OF TERROR SHRILLS ACROSS THE DARK WATER.
IS THAT A GIRL KIYOODLIN', OR AM I DREAMIN'!?
HELP!
YOU'RE NOT DREAMIN', VIO!
..AND THIS IS THE REASON FOR IT
LATER IN THE PRAIRIE TROUBA-DOUR OPENS A CARPET-BAG THAT ACCOMPANIES HIM WHEREVER HE GOES...
IT SEEMED SILLY, BRINGING MY FIGHTING TOGS ALONG ON A FISHING TRIP. BUT NOW I'M GLAD I DID!
GOLLY... D'YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE GHOSTS?
A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARMENTS ...AND THE NIGHT VIGILANTE PLUNGES INTO ACTION.
GHOSTS OR NOT, WE'RE GOING TO BOARD THEM! OVER WE GO, STUFF.
AS THE SPECTRAL CRAFT DRAWS ALONGSIDE THE CINTHY C.---
HOW DARE YE MAKE PORT AT DEAD MAN'S KEY! PUT YOUR HELM ABOUT AN' SCUD FOR HOME. AN BE THANKFUL TO ESCAPE WITH YOUR LIVES
IF YE BE THE PIRATES WHO STOLE THE TREASURE I'VE FOUND, YE HAD NO RIGHT TO IT IN THE FIRST PLACE AN YE GOT NO USE FOR IT NOW
AN IF YE BE HUMAN BEIN'S YE BETTER LIGHT OUT BEFORE I DOSE YE WITH BUCKSHOT!
SHOOT, JIM DON'T FOOL WITH HIM NO LONGER!
FATHER! FATHER!!
UG!
I'D KILL YA NOW. ONLY I WANTA HEAR MORE ABOUT THAT TREASURE!
GRAB 'EM BOTH!
SNICK!
4


NO ONE NOTICES A SLIM GOOSE WHIRLING THROUGH THE AIR...
WOULD YE HARM A DEFENSELESS GIRL?
WATCH US AN' SEE!
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
IT'S A TIDAL WAVE!!
IF YOU'RE A GHOST, THIS WON'T HURT A BIT!
OW!
BOP
YESSIR FISHIN' SURE HAS ITS INTERESTIN' ANGLES!
HALP!
TAKE A DEEP BREATH..
GLUB!
THEY'RE SCRAMM'N' TOWARD TH' SHORE! AIN'T WE GOIN' AFTER 'EM VIG?
NOT IN THE DARK! THOSE RATS KNOW THE ISLAND BETTER THAN WE DO! LET'S BOARD THE SAILBOAT!
I MAKE YE WELCOME, VIGILANTE! YE SAVED OUR LIVES!
YOU MUST BE STUFF! I'VE HEARD OF YOU!
SISTER ..I'D LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT YOU. WHILE I'M PUNISHIN' SOME GRUB!
5

I BROILED THAT FISH MYSELF! DO YOU LIKE IT?
YOU SAY THERE'S A CHEST OF TREASURE ALMOST DIRECTLY UNDER THIS BOAT?
I LIKE A LOT O' THINGS I NEVER KNEW ABOUT TILL NOW!
I WANT IT TO GIVE MY GAL THE ADVANTAGES I NEVER HAD BUT I'LL SHARE IT WITH YE IF YE'LL HELP ME KEEP THEM VARMINTS FROM STEALIN' IT!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM... NOT FOR PAY BUT FOR PLEASURE.
ABRUPTLY...
THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT US FROM TH' SHORE! GET DOWN, CINTHY!!
OH-OH! THIS PROBLEM WILL HAVE TO BE TACKLED NOW!
BLAM!
I'M GOING ASHORE, STUFF! KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS HERE!
THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN I AIN'T GONNA ARGUE!
YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE TO SHIELD ME!
THE GUNS OF THE PIRATES GROW SILENT... BUT A CAMPFIRE GUIDES THE VIGILANTE THROUGH THICK PALMETTO SCRUB...
THOSE WEREN'T FLINTLOCK PISTOLS THEY WERE AUTOMATICS! WONDER WHY THEY'RE MASQUERADING AS CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS JOLLY SHIPMATES?
WE FIGGERED IF ANYBODY SHOWED UP THEY'D THINK WE WAS GHOSTS AN BEAT IT! BUT THAT OL' COOT DIDN'T SCARE WORTH A CENT!
THAT AIN'T IMPORTANT, CHOPPER! THE BIG THING IS WE FOUND OUT THERE'S PIRATE TREASURE HERE... AN' HE KNOWS WHERE IT IS!
ONCE WE GET THAT TREASURE AN' ADD IT TO THE SWAG FROM THE BANK ROBBERY... WE'LL BE SET FOR LIFE!
RIGHT, POISON! ONLY DON'T FORGET... WE GOT THE [redacted] TO WORRY ABOUT!

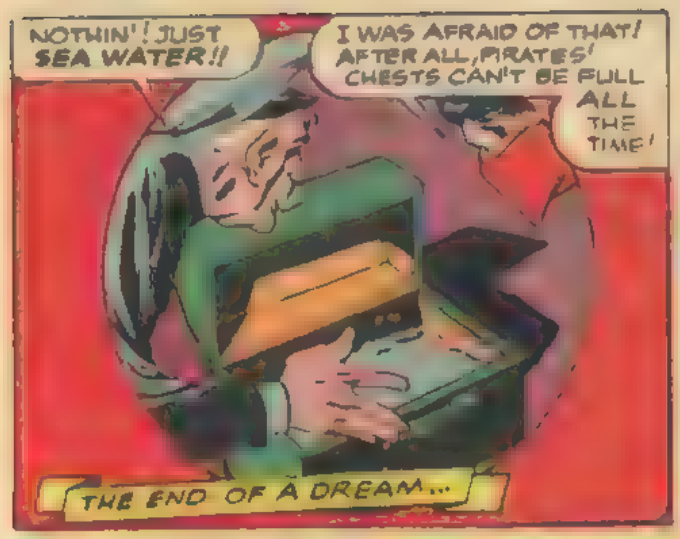
SO THAT'S IT! THEY'RE BANK ROBBERS IN HOCK AND THE PIRATE COSTUMES ARE FOR SUPERSTITIOUS VISITORS!
WHO'S A SCARED OF THE VIGILANTE? LET HIM MEET ME FACE TO FACE, AN IF I DON'T TEAR HIM IN HALF, I'LL TURN MYSELF IN FOR THE REWARD
THE LAWMAN FROM THE PLAINS CALLS A BLUFF.
I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT, CHOPPER AND TAKE YOUR PALS ALONG WITH YOU!
THE VIGILANTE! WHY DON'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT?
I KNEW IT
WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?
WHO'S LAUGHING?
THE VIGILANTE'S SPURS, WHICH HAVE SO OFTEN SAVED HIS LIFE, NOW IMPERIL IT!
A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A OOPS!!!
CONSARN IT I NEVER COULD GET THE HANG OF THESE THINGS!
OH, WELL...THIS WAY IS JUST AS WELL!
NOW TO FINISH TH' JOB...HUH?
HOLD IT, POISON! WE'RE GONNA NEED HIM! TIE HIM UP INSTEAD!
7

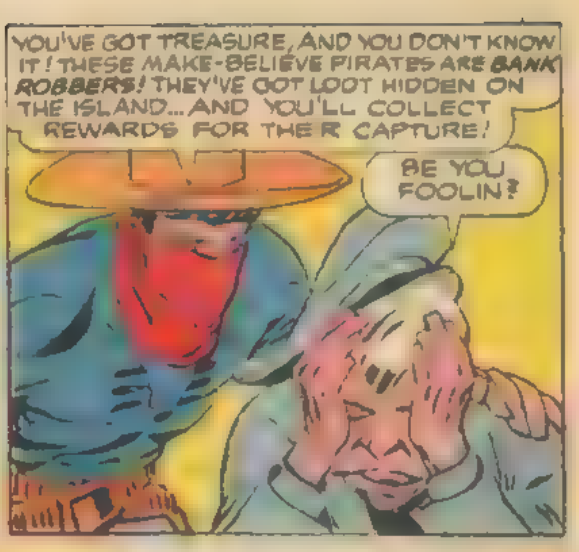
MORNING. AND AS THE SOUTHERN SUN PENETRATES THE CRYSTAL WATER.. JED CANTRELL PEERS INTO THE DEPTHS
DIDN'T I TELL YE? LOOK FOR YOURSELVES! THERE SHE LIES ...PIRATE TREASURE THAT'LL MAKE US ALL RICH!
VERY INTERESTIN'... BUT I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' THE VIG?
HALF BURIED IN THE SAND OF THE OCEAN FLOOR AN IRON-BOUND CHEST LIES AMONG THE RIBS OF A SUNKEN SHIP
A MOMENT LATER...
AHOY! WE'RE COMIN' ABOARD AN' IF THERE'S ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, THE VIGILANTE DIES QUICK!
YA MURDERIN' RATS WHY DON'T YA TRY FIGHTIN' FAIR!
IF YOU FOLKS SEE A WAY OUT, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!
YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, VIG. .BUT CINTHY AN' ME AIN'T A-GOIN TO TAKE YE UP ON THAT!
YA GOT ONE CHANCE! TELL US WHERE TH' TREASURE IS, AN MAYBE WE'LL LET YE LIVE!
I WAS SETTIN' A LOT O' STORE BY THAT TREASURE, BUT ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD AIN'T WORTH A MAN'S LIFE! THE THE TREASURE'S RIGHT UNDER ME.
SO HELP ME, HE'S RIGHT! THERE'S A CHEST. .JUST LIKE THE PIRATES USED FOR THEIR GOLD! BOY!! MEXICO...SOUTH AMERICA! I HEAR YOU CALLIN'!

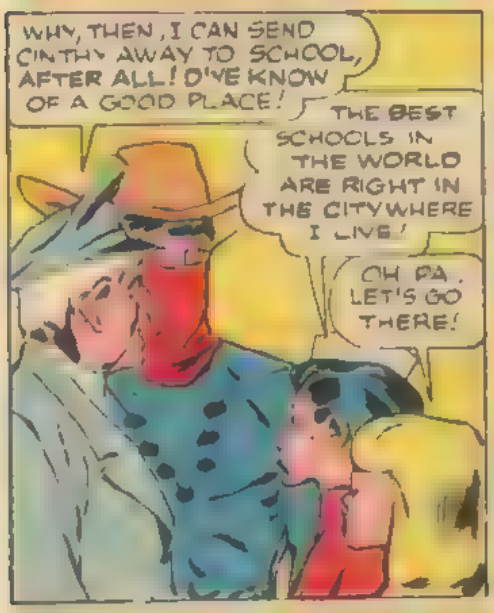
BUT STRENGTH AND NERVE ARE NEEDED TO RAISE THE HEAVY CHEST... AND SO THE CRIMINALS CHOOSE A NEW HOSTAGE..
WE'RE GOIN' TO UNTIE YE, VIGILANTE... BUT IF YE DON'T BEHAVE... THIS GAL DIES!
AND THE CRIME-SMASHING DUO DESCENDS INTO THE SEA AT THE ORDER OF THEIR GREEDY CAPTORS!
LAY A FINGER ON HER, I'LL FEED YA TO TH' SHARKS!
COME ON STUFF WE'LL HAVE TO DO THE BEST WE CAN... FOR HER SAKE!
CURIOUS FISH OGLE THE CREATURES FROM THE UPPER WORLD AS THEY WAKE THEIR ROPES FAST...
I GOTTA FIND A WAY OUTTA THIS MESS!
THEY'LL KILL US ALL AS SOON AS THEY GET THE TREASURE, UNLESS I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING
INCLUDING A HUGE, SLEEK MONSTER OF THE DEEP THAT FEARS NOTHING.
A GLIDING SHADOW WARNS THE PAIR AS THE KILLER FISH TORPEDOES DOWNWARD...
A SWORDFISH! TH' BIGGEST I'VE EVER SEEN! I'VE GOT TO INTEREST HIM WHILE STUFF GETS TO THE SURFACE!
OH-OH.. TIME TO GET UP-STAIRS!!
DEATH PASSES THE VIGILANTE BY SCANT INCHES...
WHEW!
THEN, AS THE ATTACKER WHEELS TO CHARGE AGAIN, A FANTASTIC IDEA IS BORN IN THE PLANSMAN'S MIND.
TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! IF I COULD ONLY GET HIM ON OUR SIDE! IT'S A CHANCE IN A MILLION--BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE ANY CHANCE AT ALL, WITH THOSE KILLERS IN THE BOAT--
9

ANOTHER FURIOUS LUNGE... BUT THIS TIME THE VIGILANTE'S HAND CLOSES ON THE DEADLY SWORD!
GOT HIM! BUT HOW LONG CAN I HOLD ON?
I ALWAYS THOUGHT A STEER WAS THE TOUGHEST CRITTER TO RIDE. BUT IT'S LIKE A PLOWHORSE COMPARED TO THIS FELLA.
THRASHING CURVING, DARTING. THE POWERFUL FISH LASHES THE WATER TO FOAM.. TRYING TO UNSEAT ITS RASH RIDER.
CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF.. THIS..
HIS LUNGS CLAMOR NO AGONIZINGLY FOR AIR, IT APPEARS THAT THE VIGILANTE'S SWORDFISH ADVENTURE IS FATED TO BE HIS LAST!
GOT TO.. HAVE AIR... DONE MY BEST BUT IT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH.
ONE LAST DESPERATE EFFORT.. FINGERS CLUTCHING AT SLIPPERY GILLS, SPURS PIERCING DEEP BENEATH SHINING SCALES...
IF HE ONLY KEEPS GOING UP AND I CAN...
HANG ON A SECOND LONGER.
AND...MIRACLE OF MIRACLES! SUNLIGHT AGAIN!!
AIR FRESH AIR!
WHA...! RIDE 'IM COWBOY!!

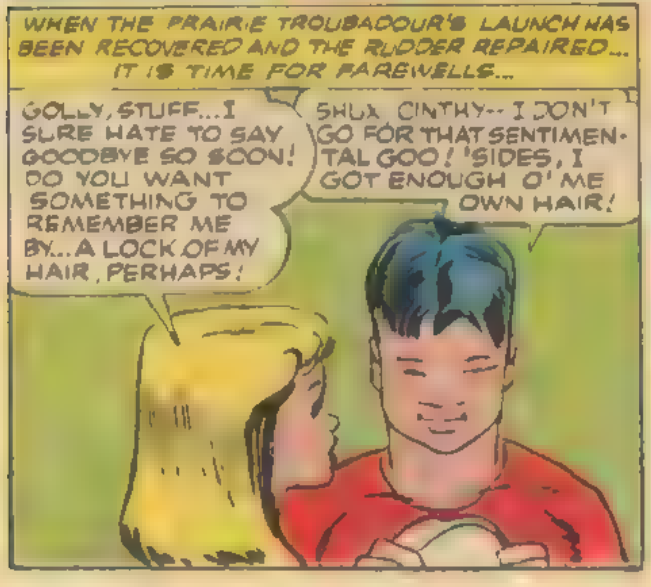
SIX HUNDRED POUNDS OF SILVERED, STREAM-
WHEN FISH CATCHES MAN...THAT'S NEWS!
GOT YA!
GLUP!
THIS IS THE ONE WHO TED UP CINTHY, STUFF. WOULD YOU LIKE TO RESCUE HIM?
SOON..
JUST A LITTLE MORE TUGGIN'
AND FINALLY...THE TREASURE...
CAREFUL NOW! THAT MAY BE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS!
DON'T BUILD YOUR HOPES TOO HIGH, JED
CHISEL AND CROWBAR ATTACK THE RUSTED LOCKS
I WONDER IF IT'LL BE GOLD, OR DIAMONDS AND RUBIES?
HURRY! I CAN'T BEAR THE SUSPENSE!




YOU'VE GOT TREASURE, AND YOU DON'T KNOW IT! THESE MAKE-BELIEVE PIRATES ARE BANK ROBBERS! THEY'VE GOT LOOT HIDDEN ON THE ISLAND... AND YOU'LL COLLECT REWARDS FOR THE R CAPTURE!
BE YOU FOOLIN?


WHY, THEN, I CAN SEND CINTHY AWAY TO SCHOOL, AFTER ALL! D'VE KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE!
THE BEST SCHOOLS IN THE WORLD ARE RIGHT IN THE CITY WHERE I LIVE!
OH PA, LET'S GO THERE!

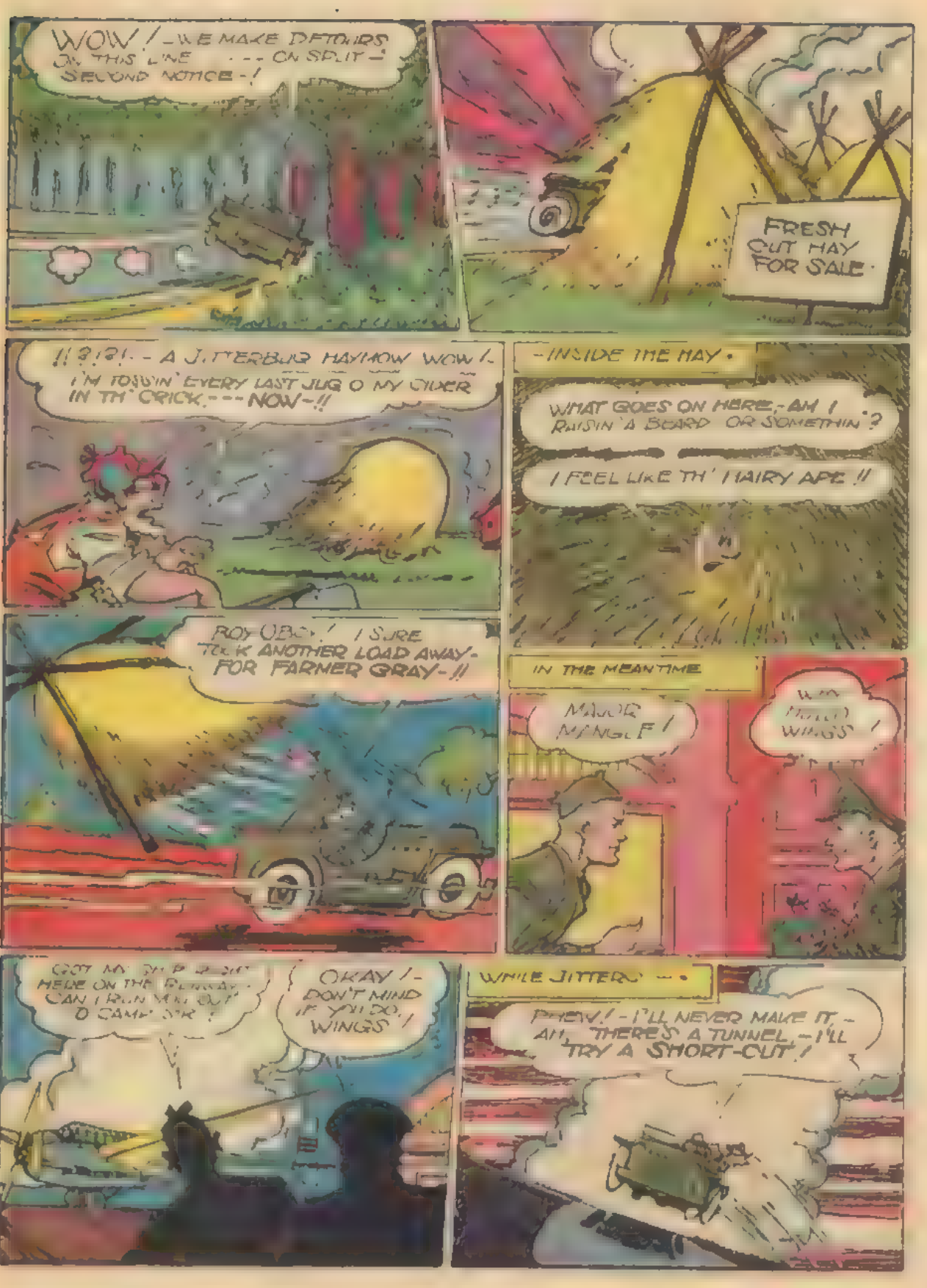
THE VIGILANTE FACES A DIFFICULT PROBLEM
HMM... I ALWAYS WANTED A STUFFED SWORDFISH IN MY DEN. BUT THE POOR FISH DID SAVE OUR LIVES... OH, WELL..


WHEN THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S LAUNCH HAS BEEN RECOVERED AND THE RUDDER REPAIRED... IT IS TIME FOR FAREWELLS...
GOLLY, STUFF... I SURE HATE TO SAY GOODBYE SO SOON! DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY... A LOCK OF MY HAIR, PERHAPS!
SHUX CINTHY-- I DON'T GO FOR THAT SENTIMENTAL GOO! 'SIDES, I GOT ENOUGH O' ME OWN HAIR!

FOR THRILLS AND LAUGHS, FOLLOW THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF THE VIGILANTE and STUFF EVERY MONTH IN ACTION COMICS!

JITTERS' JEEP
(NOTE: A JEEP WILL GET YOU ANYWHERE)
TSK-TSK-TSK-! NOW HOW DID I GET HERE-?
HEY, JITTERS! — MAJOR MANGLE IS AT THE STATION — PICK HIM UP AND DELIVER HIM HERE — IN ONE PIECE — GIT GOIN'-!
SPLAY ZURE SARGE-!
OHO PHOOEY ON THE MAJOR - BUT THE MAJOR'S GOT A PORTER, — AN HER NAME IS MA-JOR-EE-!

OBOY! WOTTA DAY, T' BE OUT IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES!
MY-MY! DO I ACTUALLY SEE A DICE TOURNAMENT IN SESSION UP AHEAD? - TSK TSK - I'LL HAVE TO PUT A STOP TO THAT! - YOWZAH!
WHAT JITTERS SAW - -
- DON'T KEEP ME LATE - - I'M LOOKIN' FOR AN 'EIGHT'!
HAND ME THOSE CUBES' BUD - DON'T YOU KNOW THEY'RE 'BAD' FOR YOU - ?
NEW MONEY!
ONE LONG HOUR LATER -
NOW ARE YE CONVINCED MEN THAT GAMBLING DON'T PAY - ?
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU!
UH H - UMPH // - NOW WHAT'S COOKIN' - ?
WHAT JITTERS SAW AT THE NEXT TURN IN THE ROAD -
DANGER!
DETOUR! IF YOU DON'T THINK SO - LOOK!


WOW! - WE MAKE DETOURS ON THIS LINE --- ON SPLIT - SECOND NOTICE -!
FRESH CUT HAY FOR SALE
!!?!?!- - A JITTERBUG HAYMOW WOW!-
I'M TOSSIN' EVERY LAST JUG O MY CIDER IN TH' CRICK.--- NOW-!!
- INSIDE THE HAY -
WHAT GOES ON HERE,- AM I RAISIN' A BEARD OR SOMETHIN'?
I FEEL LIKE TH' HAIRY APE !!
ROY O'BOY! I SURE TOOK ANOTHER LOAD AWAY- FOR FARMER GRAY-!!
IN THE MEANTIME
MAJOR MINGO!
WITH MIGHTY WINGS!
GOT MY [illegible] HERE ON THE RUNWAY- CAN I RUN MY OUT O CAMP SIR?
OKAY!- DON'T MIND IF YOU DO, WINGS!
WHILE JITTERS --
PHEW! - I'LL NEVER MAKE IT, - AH, THERE'S A TUNNEL, - I'LL TRY A SHORT-CUT!

ZING-!
PHEW!-IT'S AS DARK AS 'ALL-OUT' PITCH 'N' MOLASSES — HEY!— TURN ON THE LIGHTS-!
I HEAR WATER-AN' IT'S A RISIN' AT ME — OR 'M FLATTER THAN A PFC SARGE'S 'ALLEN ARCHES!
WHOOSH!!
CITY SEWER
SPLOOSH!-JOIN THE JEEPS AN' SEE THE UNDERWORLD-!!
OH MAN!-THIS MAKES ME THE MUDDIN'EST BLACK OUT JEEP IN THE SERVICE IF I'M NOT A.W.O.L TO BOOT-!
TH' MAJOR APOLOGIZES FOR MISSING ME — HOT DOG-!!
YOU CAN KEEP OUR JEEPS ROLLING By BUYING WAR BONDS and STAMPS!

GIFT OF DEATH

by ERIC DRAKE

FOR a long time after his visitor had gone, Hendrick Van Horn did not move his massive frame from the chair before the fireplace in which the flame was rapidly dying. The room was as cold as Hendrick's heart; for he had just heard the bad news.

Gretel, his Gretel, was dead! They had killed her, these bestial Nazis, in their factory in Germany to which they had taken her as a hostage, after over-running Holland.

Hendrick stared dry-eyed at the fire. His was the grief that would know no tears, a man's grief, pent-up and held-back so that others would not know how great it was.

Gretel dead! He had no reason to doubt Van Leeuw's word. This underground that he, too, was a part of in his captive country, functioned too well. All information had to be accurate, for hadn't the Queen herself cautioned her subjects to be careful. He thought of Wilhelmina now, safe with the British in their bristling island.

And then he thought of the conquerors and his throat tightened. It was they who had killed his daughter, his Gretel. It was they who had taken her as hostage to assure themselves he would work honestly for them. After he had done this job, they had promised to return her unharmed.

Now that day would never come.

Hendrick's eyes flashed as he thought of *Kapitan* Koch. He had been the one who imprisoned Gretel. It had been his idea to have a Hollander who had a tug and knew the tides to get Nazi soldiers used to seasickness. Hendrick had been the most respected tugboat owner in the country. They had sought him out.

And for a month now he had done the task. Under duress, of course, but a man must do what he is told if he wishes to save his daughter. At first, he had been willing to sacrifice Gretel, rather than help these pigs. Then he realized that this, after all, was but another of their grandiose schemes, brilliantly planned. But for the execution, ah, that was another matter. For years these pigs could take their swine on the rough water to make them used to seasickness. But they forgot that perhaps the English would never let them land.

Nazi schemes, Hendrick had decided long ago, were like peacocks, pretty and useless.

He stared listlessly at the fire, feeling as though his heart had left him. He did not hear the door open, nor feel the draught from the cold wind outside. He jumped as his name was repeated.

Kapitan Koch, flanked by two soldiers, stood there. His beady eyes bored into Hendrick's stolid countenance and had he known that behind it was the thought of instant murder, the Nazi would have reached for his Luger. But he did not know.

"Why didn't you answer me, Van Horn?" Koch demanded.

Hendrick's tongue felt thick, as he found voice. If only those two soldiers were not with Koch! "I am sorry, Herr Kapitan," he said. "I must have been dozing. I was very tired."

"Hmm." Koch continued staring at him. "You should get some sleep," he said. "Tomorrow a new batch of men will go on the barges with you. Here." He handed Hendrick a piece of glass. "This is to replace the shattered glass in your compass. Put it in tomorrow." He started toward the door, then turned and shot a quick glance at Hendrick. "You have done well. Soon my job here will be finished and we will return your daughter, as agreed."

No emotion showed on Hendrick's face. Simply, he said: "I know I can trust the Herr Kapitan as I can all Nazis." His eyes met Koch's squarely. "Thank you," he said.

Hendrick's huge fists clenched as the door closed behind Koch and the orderlies. His lips moved soundlessly then, suddenly, like a storm which has spent itself, his shoulders drooped. "Tomorrow," he told himself, "I will not be here. Somehow I will get away." Almost mechanically, he applied the bellows to the fire. It would need another piece of precious wood.

He went to his home-made fire box and put in his hand. There were only a few sticks there. He brushed them aside as he suddenly remembered that here, in the false bottom, he had hidden the things Gretel had used as a child: things like her skates, some dolls, baby shoes and the huge rubber ball. All these he had hidden from the invaders.

Now he brought them out, intending to destroy them. One by one he fondled them. Tomorrow he would drop them into the Zuyder Zee. He looked at the deflated piece of rubber, the huge ball he had brought back years ago from America. How happy Gretel had been! How she had clapped her hands in glee when, with bellows, he had blown it

up for her! It had then been bigger than she.

Hendrick put it down, intending to wrap the other mementos in it. Then he stopped, looked at it! He shook his huge head. Had he heard Gretel's voice saying "Do not throw it away, papa. Use it!"

Wide-eyed, he looked about the room, saw only the old, familiar few objects. Then his gaze returned to the rubber ball, studied it. For almost an hour he sat there, turning the flattened object over and over in his eyes.

And then he smiled. He knew now what he could do with it. Slowly, he raised himself from his chair and walked toward the bedroom. He wondered why he had not thought of the idea before. He knew why the Nazis hadn't. They were stupid. Training men at night as well as day was something that would never occur to their one-track minds.

He was vastly pleased next morning when Koch, pretending to care nothing about the matter, said that nevertheless they would try it. "We had considered taking our men out at night, Van Horn," he said. "In fact I was going to put the plan into operation next week." He paused. "But we will try it this evening."

Hendrick smiled to himself as he went out. Koch had praised him for his co-operation. Well, now they'd get it. Tonight.

At nine o'clock, Hendrick was on his tug, waiting for *Kapitan* Koch. As usual, the water in the Channel was very rough. Koch would be pleased. Hendrick looked over his shoulder at the six barges he would tow out a mile or so. They were jammed with frightened Nazis, waiting for their first baptism of heavy weather. Hendrick looked up, hearing Koch's step.

Muffled in a great coat, the Nazi commander stepped aboard. "Shove off," he ordered, taking his place alongside Hendrick, where, under a dim blue light, he could study the map locating the mines.

Hendrick signalled the Nazi engineer. The engines groaned, the propellers spun, and the tug wheezed out. For half a mile they churned through the raging, running sea and the barges behind bobbed like corks. Suddenly, the engines stopped. Koch looked angrily at Hendrick. "What has happened?"

Shrugging, Hendrick replied that he didn't know. He waited, anxiously, noting Koch's indecision. "I shall go see." He snatched up the mine map and went below decks. Hendrick smiled to himself. It would take ten minutes to fix the faulty fly wheel. He bent over, opened the locker beneath his steering wheel.

When Koch returned, Hendrick was standing stolidly at the wheel. The engines were wheezing again. "Proceed," Koch said angrily. "We must make up this time."

"Yes," thought Hendrick, "everything must be on schedule. The Nazi timetable cannot be wrong." He chuckled to himself. "Except on the road to Moscow."

He peered into the gloom then, suddenly, he clutched Koch's arm. "Here *Kapitan*," he cried. "Look—a mine. It must have drifted loose!"

Koch turned his glasses on the huge object floating toward them. His face went white. "Quick," he cried. "Steer to the right." He grabbed at the wheel. The heavy tug heeled over, out of danger.

Koch leaned weakly against the poop deck, opened his great coat and took out a handkerchief. He wiped his perspiring face. "You . . . you . . . have saved us all, Van Horn," he said. "I shall recommend—wait! what are you doing?"

His eyes widened in fear as he saw the glass splinter Hendrick had suddenly removed from the compass, from the new and supposedly unbroken glass. He reached for his gun, but his hand was stayed at his hip.

For Koch was dead, his heart pierced by the glass dagger in Hendrick's hand.

And now, from his own inside pocket, Hendrick had drawn a knife. He rushed to the tow line. One swipe with his powerful arm and it was severed. Quickly, for one so huge, Hendrick rushed back to the wheel. He smiled, looked at Koch's mine map.

The next moment he plunged into the icy Channel waters.

Buoyed up by the lifebelt he had hidden beneath his coat, he swam perhaps a hundred yards, his head lifted as though listening.

And then they came. Great explosions, followed by sheets of orange flame, by the light of which Hendrick saw the tug blow up, saw barges burst into flames. Into the water hundreds of the hated Nazis were thrown, all in full equipment and none with life belts.

Hendrick smiled oblivious of the heavy sea. He was not afraid of this sea. It was his friend. This would bear him, perhaps by morning, to England and safety. He wished though, that he could have retrieved Gretel's now inflated rubber ball which was floating someplace about the Chanel. He had managed to blow it up and drop it overboard while Koch had been below deck. It had been that which the fool, Koch, had mistaken for a mine, and frantically directed Hendrick to steer into the real mine fields.

Hendrick's lips moved now as he struck out toward England. "They have received your gift, Gretel," he said. "My beloved child." It was the kind of gift, Hendrick knew, Queen Wilhelmina would have wanted any of her subjects to give these swine. A gift of death.

Are You "PRE-FLIGHT" MATERIAL?

BOYS AND GIRLS!

CHECK YOUR PHYSICAL FITNESS AGAINST THIS NAVY PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL OBSTACLE COURSE. MEN IN PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING HAVE TO DO ALL THIS — RACE UP 45 DEGREE INCLINES, THROUGH TUNNEL-MAZES, ACROSS BUNKERS AND WALLS, THRU BRUSH AND OVER WATER JUMPS.

"Wise guy! Forgits his Wheaties this mornin'!"

"I am indeed sorry, Private Jones. Rules won't permit me to serve your Wheaties in bed."

Maybe you can't have 'em in bed—but you can have all the Wheaties you like. These great whole wheat flakes are plentiful—and good, morning, noon, or night.

AMERICA NEEDS CHAMPIONS TODAY. SO HELP GET YOURSELF IN CHAMPIONSHIP FORM WITH JACK ARMSTRONG! TRAINING RULES. HERE'S THE FAMOUS TRAINING PROGRAM FOR YOU TO FOLLOW EVERY DAY.

1. GET PLENTY OF FRESH AIR, SLEEP AND EXERCISE.
2. KEEP CLEAN. USE LOTS OF SOAP AND WATER.
3. EAT THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY. START WITH A GENUINE ATHLETES TRAINING DISH, MILK AND FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" YOU'LL LIKE WHEATIES!

GET GOING! WITH WHEATIES TOMORROW MORNING. A REAL ATHLETE'S TRAINING DISH TO HELP YOU START THE DAY THE CHAMPION WAY. BIG TOASTED FLAKES OF GOOD WHOLE WHEAT... THAT'S WHEATIES. LOTS OF "UP-AND-AT-'EM" NOURISHMENT FOR YOU, TOO, IN MILK AND FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." GET WHEATIES TODAY!

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL, SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT—STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 251 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

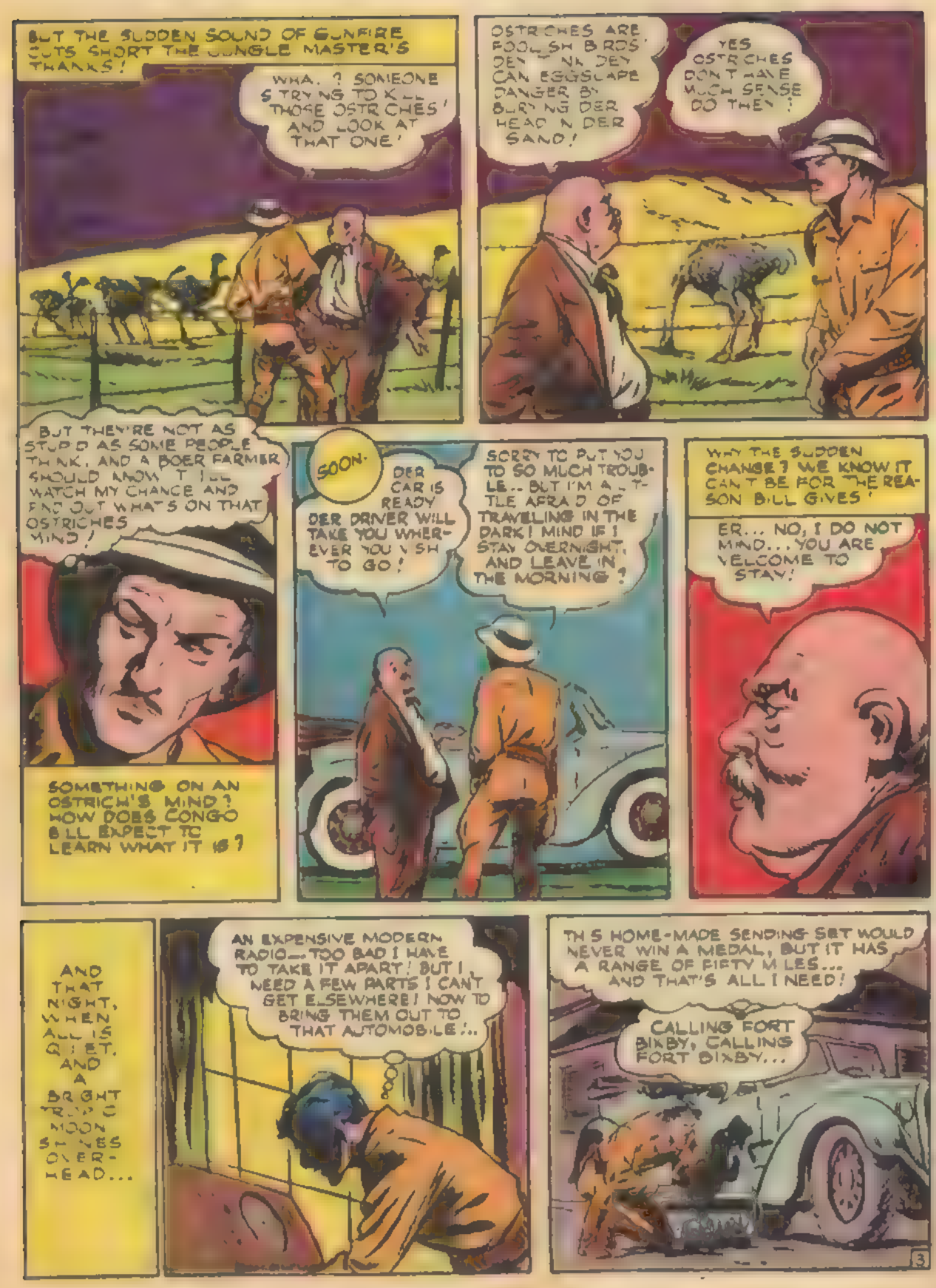
99

Product of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

CONGO BILL
NOBODY CAN GUESS WHAT AN OSTRICH WILL DO - EXCEPT CONGO BILL, WHO KNOWS WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE A BIRD'S BRAIN BETTER THAN THE BIRD ITSELF. AND WHEN ONE OF THE HUGE FOWLS SEEMS TO SHOW TOO GREAT A RESPECT FOR HUMAN TRADITION... THE MASTER OF JUNGLE LORE KNOWS THERE'S FOUL PLAY AFOOT AS HE KEEPS HIS EYE ON...
"THE INQUISITIVE OSTRICH!"
KNOWN SOUTH AMERICAN HARBOR. A DAMAGED VESSEL LIMPS INTO PORT..
THANKS TO YOU, CONGO BILL! YOU HANDLED THIS DECK GUN LIKE AN EXPERT
LUCKY THAT TORPEDO DIDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE, CAPTAIN! REPAIRS SHOULD TAKE LESS THAN A WEEK
A SHORT TIME LATER..
SO LONG, BILL SORRY YOU CAN'T WAIT FOR THE SHIP TO SET OUT AGAIN!
NO TIME! GOT TO DELIVER A SEALED DISPATCH TO THE COMMANDER AT FORT BIXBY! ONLY THING TO DO IS GO OVERLAND!

PRESENTLY...
I OUGHT TO COMPLETE MY TRIP BY NIGHTFALL... IF THIS RATTLETRAP DOESN'T BREAK DOWN!
IF IT DOESN'T! A FEW HOURS LATER...
A BROKEN AXLE! NO CHANCE OF REPAIRS... I'LL HAVE TO GO AHEAD ON FOOT — IF THOSE LIONS WILL LET ME!
HMM... I DON'T THINK THEY WOULD... WELL HURRY UP, LEO M READY FOR YOU.
AND AS ALL THE FELINE LEAPS TOWARD HIS APPARENTLY HELPLESS PREY...
TRY THIS TEETHING RING, BABY!
CAN'T LIVE ON AIR, CAN YOU! BUT I DON'T 'NTEND TO BE THE BILL IN YOUR BILL OF FARE
BANG!
WHOOSH-SSSSS!
THE BLOWOUT TERRIFIES THE STARTLED BEAST AND HIS MATE INTO FLIGHT...
GLAD YOU DIDN'T FORCE ME TO USE MY GUN! SO LONG FELLOWS!
... AND LATER, AFTER A WEARY TREK ACROSS THE VELDT...
AN OSTRICH FARM! THE OWNER'S PROBABLY A BOER AND FRIENDLY MAYBE I CAN PICK UP A RIDE THE REST OF MY WAY!
AND SHORTLY...
JA AS YOU GUESSED. I AM A BOER! MY NAME'S VAN'T HELDER I HAVE A CAR AND I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU!
THANKS, VAN'T HELDER! I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR...
12


BUT THE SUDDEN SOUND OF GUNFIRE CUTS SHORT THE JUNGLE MASTER'S THANKS!
WHA.? SOMEONE S TRYNG TO K-- THOSE OSTRICHES! AND LOOK AT THAT ONE!
OSTRICHES ARE FOOLISH BIRDS! DEY T NK DEY CAN EGGSCAPE DANGER BY BURY NG DER HEAD N DER SAND!
YES OSTRICHES DON'T HAVE MUCH SENSE DO THEY?
BUT THEY'RE NOT AS STUPID AS SOME PEOPLE THINK, AND A BOER FARMER SHOULD KNOW! I'LL WATCH MY CHANCE AND FIND OUT WHAT'S ON THAT OSTRICHES MIND!
SOMETHING ON AN OSTRICH'S MIND? HOW DOES CONGO BILL EXPECT TO LEARN WHAT IT IS?
SOON.
DER CAR IS READY DER DRIVER WILL TAKE YOU WHEREVER YOU WISH TO GO!
SORRY TO PUT YOU TO SO MUCH TROUBLE.. BUT I'M A LITTLE AFRAID OF TRAVELING IN THE DARK! MIND IF I STAY OVERNIGHT, AND LEAVE IN THE MORNING?
WHY THE SUDDEN CHANGE? WE KNOW IT CAN'T BE FOR THE REASON BILL GIVES!
ER... NO, I DO NOT MIND... YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY!
AND THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL IS QUIET, AND A BRIGHT TROPIC MOON SHINES OVERHEAD...
AN EXPENSIVE MODERN RADIO... TOO BAD I HAVE TO TAKE IT APART! BUT I NEED A FEW PARTS I CAN'T GET ELSEWHERE! NOW TO BRING THEM OUT TO THAT AUTOMOBILE!..
THIS HOME-MADE SENDING SET WOULD NEVER WIN A MEDAL, BUT IT HAS A RANGE OF FIFTY MILES... AND THAT'S ALL I NEED!
CALLING FORT BIXBY, CALLING FORT BIXBY...
3

WHAT'S CONGO BILL'S PURPOSE? YOU'VE SEEN ALL HE HAS SEEN... CAN YOU GUESS WHAT MESSAGE HE MEANS TO SEND?
AS THE MAGIC OF RADIO BROADCASTS AN ANXIOUS VOICE INTO THE ETHER...
IDT ISS HIM! DO NOT LET HIM EGGSCAPE!
TRY BURYING YOUR HEAD IN THE SAND, CHUM...
ACHHH...
ONE MAN'S ASSAULT IS ANOTHER MAN'S BATTERY!
BUT AS THE BITTER BATTLE CONTINUES...
UGH... THESE ODDS ARE JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO MUCH!
AND CONGO BILL FACES HIS RATE HOST NO LONGER AS A GUEST BUT AS A CAPTIVE!
ZO DIS IS HOW YOU REPAY MY HOSPITALITY! I TREAT YOU LIKE A GUEST... AND YOU STEAL MY RADIO!
HMM... SO FAR HE ONLY THINKS I'M A THIEF... IF THE OTHERS ARE NO WISER...
T'IS VORSE DAN STEALING HE VAS CONSTRUCTING A SENDING SET!
VOT..? A SENDING SET? DEN HE MUST PAY FOR HIS CRIME AT VUNCE!
THE RAT'S IN THE TRAP NOW... I'D BETTER ACT FAST, BEFORE THIS FAKE FARMER HAS ME SHOT! LET'S SEE...

.. THAT OSTRICH OVER THERE! MY ONLY CHANCE...
RRRRRRK! RRRRRKK!
NOT? WHY YOU MAKE DESE CRAZY SOUNDS?
HIMMEL! DER OSTRICH HAS GONE CRAZY TOO!
NOT EXACTLY... I SIMPLY IMITATED AN OSTRICH'S DISTRESS CALL AND HE CAME OVER TO INVESTIGATE!
AN AGILE LEAP TO THE BACK OF A STARTLED BIRD AND ...
YOU CAN OUTRUN A HORSE, CHUM,.. GIDDYAP!
THE TWO-LEGGED STEED TAKES OFF, WHINING BULLETS SPEEDING IT ON ITS WAY!
AFTER HIM!
OVER THAT WAY BIRDIE! WHERE WE SAW THAT FEATHERED PAL OF YOURS "BURYING ITS HEAD IN THE SAND"! I'M STILL CURIOUS ABOUT THAT
THIS IS ABOUT THE PLACE!
A HAND GRENADE IN A NEST OF OSTRICH EGGS! THAT'S WHAT ALL THE SHOOTING WAS FOR.. THE BIRDS WERE STARTING TO STEAL GRENADES THINKING THEY WERE A KIND OF EGG.
HE'SS NOT ON DER BIRD. I HERE...
DERE HE'SS!
YES HERE I AM... BUT DON'T COME ANY CLOSER IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY!

MAYBE DOT VAS HIS ONLY GRENADE! VE V... RUSH HIM!
NO... LOOK!!!
PLENTY MORE WHERE THE FIRST ONE CAME FROM! GET BACK BE-FORE I LET YOU HAVE 'EM!
AS CONGO BILL'S PANICKY ASSA ANTS FLEE, THE DRONE OF HUGE MOTORS COMES FROM OVERHEAD...
...AND SECONDS LATER...
WE GOT YOUR EMERGENCY RADIO CALL, B... LL, AND ANSWERED IN A HURRY!
LUCKY FOR ME YOU DID! THEY'D SOON HAVE GOT OVER THE R SCARE, AND I COULDN'T HAVE HELD THEM OFF MUCH LONGER .. SHALL I TELL YOU WHAT GAVE YOU AWAY, VON HELDER?
YOU THOUGHT THAT OSTRICH WAS BURYING ITS HEAD IN THE SAND TO HIDE FROM DANGER! A LOT OF PEOPLE TH NK THAT, BUT THE BOERS KNOW BETTER... THEY KNOW THE OSTRICH S EITHER BURROW NG FOR WATER OR DEPOSITING EGGS TO BE HATCHED!.. YOU'RE NOT A BOER BUT A GERMAN -- A SPY!
DO NOT SHOOT ME... I WILL TELL ALL I'LL EVEN SHOW YOU WHERE VE K DNAPPED THE REAL FARMER UND HID HIM!
DER MEN HERE CAME FROM A S..B SUNK BY GUNF RE FROM DER SH P DEY TOR-PEDOED! DEY PLANNED TO CAPTURE DER SAME SH..P VIT MY HELP UND SA L AWAY! DEN OOZE VERDAMTE OSTRICHES STARTED STEALING DER HAND GRENADES...
... THINK NG THEY WERE A K ND OF EGG BY THE WAY I HAD ONLY THAT ONE GRENADE THE REST WERE REAL EGGS!
THESE NAZ S ARE FROM THE SAME S..B I H T GLAD TO KNOW I COMPLETED THE JOB... NOW ON TO FORT B..BY TO DE..VER MY D.SPACH TO THE COMMANDER!
DON'T BURY YOUR HEAD IN THE SAND! VISIT FAR PLACES WITH CONGO BILL, THE JUNGLE K NG, AS HE UNCOVERS G..AMOROUS ADVEN-TURES APLENTY N THE NEXT ISSUE OF
ACTION COMICS!
6

AMERICOMMANDO
WITH REASONABLE MEN I WILL REASON; WITH HUMANE MEN I WILL PLEAD, BUT TO TYRANTS I WILL GIVE NO QUARTER, NOR WASTE ARGUMENTS WHERE THEY WILL BE LOST!"
-- WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON
SOLDIERS ARE HERE FROM THE AND I'LL BET A AMERICOMMANDO FINDS THEY'RE HERE! AMONG THE CIVILIAN POPULATION— YES EVEN AMONG THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN! AND WHEN A YOUNGSTER HURLS DEFIANCE AT HIS CAPTORS FINDS AMERICOMMANDO AT HIS SIDE HE WILL BE IN THE MIDST OF AN ACT OF TRAITOR- OUS REBELLION! THAT NO- BODY HAS TO HAVE A STALWART BODY TO HAVE MORE COURAGE THAN
- PETER, THE SMALL!"
THIS IS THE REGION WHERE THE GERMANS HAVE AN EXTERMINATION CAMP OPER- ATING AGAINST THE JEWS — WAS SAY?
YES — KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR DANGER!

LOOK! THERE IN THE ROAD!
A WOMAN!
SHE'S ALIVE! WE MUST HELP HER!
SHE'S COMING TO! I WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING OUT HERE ON THE ROAD!?
WE'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE!
BE CAREFUL! YOU'RE STILL WEAK!
MY LITTLE BOY! THE NAZIS HAVE SEIZED HIM! THEY WILL TORTURE HIM TO DEATH!
MY LITTLE BOY PETER AND I WERE CAPTURED AND BROUGHT TO THE VILLAGE. THEY WANTED US TO TELL THEM WHERE THE GUERRILLAS WERE HIDING. MY PETER KNOWS BUT WOULD NOT TELL. I PLEADED
TO THEM TO LET HIM GO BUT
LAUGHED AT ME!
WE CANNOT REASON WITH THEM! AND WE CANNOT PLEAD WITH THEM! WE MUST FIGHT AND DESTROY THESE NAZIS!
THEN THEY DROVE ME OUT OF THE VILLAGE! THEY WILL KILL MY
PETER!
WE'LL RESCUE HIM! I AM TRYING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE GUERRILLAS! HE'LL TAKE ME TO THEM!
BUT HOW? ONE UNARMED MAN AGAINST ALL THOSE BEASTS!
AND THE STRANGER GIVES A SURPRISING ANSWER!
AMERICOMMANDO! WE HAVE HEARD OF YOU! NOW I HAVE HOPE!
I AM GOING INTO THE VILLAGE OCCUPIED BY THE NAZIS. MY FRIEND POPPY WILL STAY HERE WITH
YOU UNTIL I RETURN!

A LITTLE LATER A SILENT FIGURE STEALS INTO THE NAZI-OCCUPIED VILLAGE

I'LL HAVE TO GET THIS SENTRY OUT OF THE WAY FIRST!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A PAIN IN THE NECK FOR YOU NAZIS!

UGH!

THERE'S THE BOY! NOW I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO FREE HIM! I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR A GOOD OPPORTUNITY!

ACH! HERR COLONEL VON GELB! I BEAT HIM SO MUCH MINE ARM HURTS! BUT HE CAN'T SPEAK!

THESE RUSSIAN BRATS! HO-HO!! WELL HE WON'T TALK KILL HIM! I AM GETTING BORED! ONE LAST CHANCE BOY! WILL YOU LEAD US TO THE GUERRILLAS!

NEVER!! I WOULD DIE FIRST! OUR RED ARMY WILL AVENGE MY DEATH!

HO-HUM! WELL THEN YOU SHALL DIE!

SHALL I SHOOT HIM HERR COLONEL OR MAYBE WITH THE BAYONET SHTICK HIM?

HMM WITH THE BAYONET HERMANN! IT WILL BE MORE PAINFUL!

THE BAYONET IS POISED TO STRIKE AND THE YOUNGSTER'S LAD FACES SURE DEATH WITHOUT FLINCHING

DIE! YOU RUSSIAN DOG!

LONG LIVE THE UNITED NATIONS!

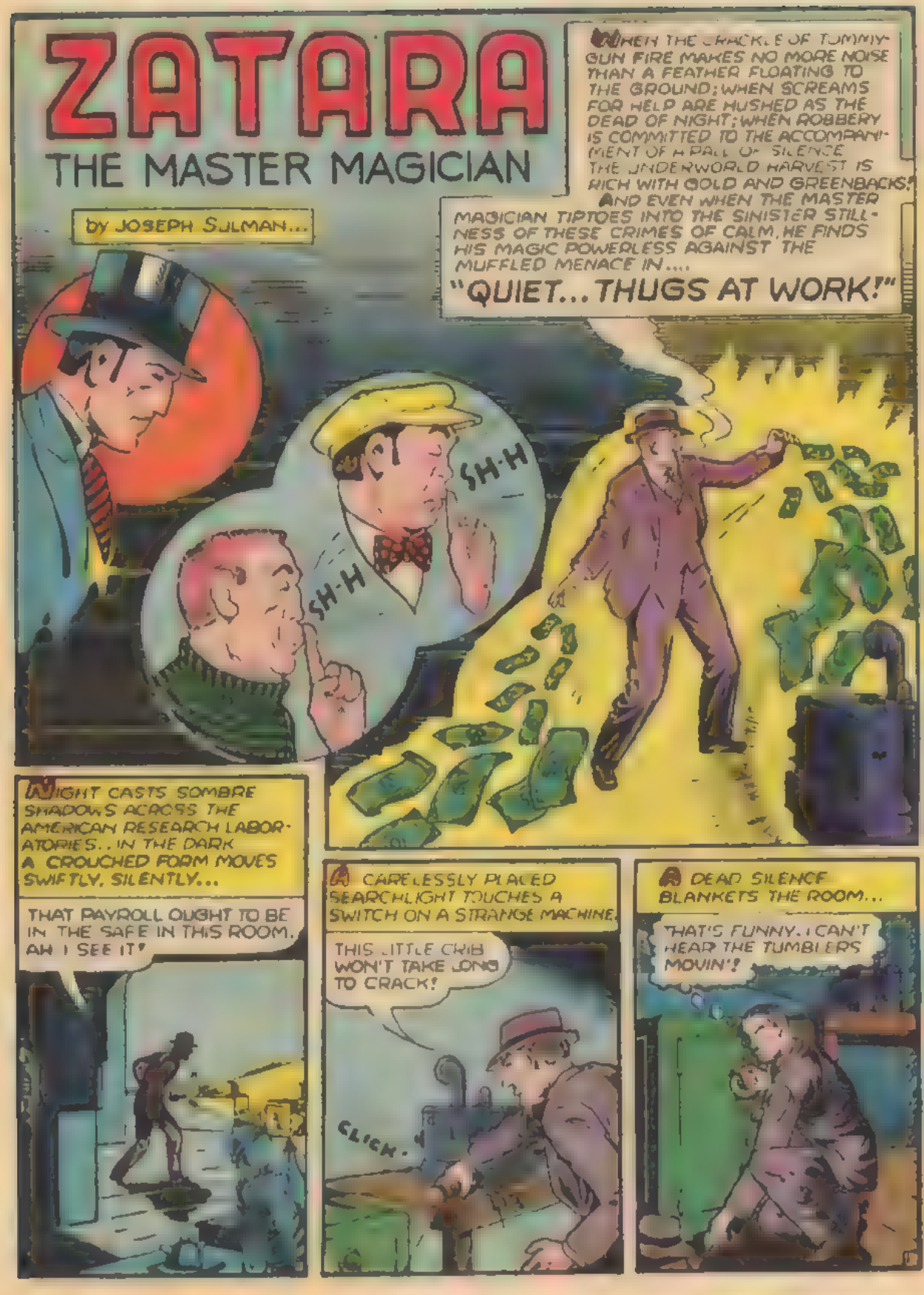
NO TIME FOR WAITING NOW AMERICOMMANDO!
NO, YOU DON'T! HERE'S SOME ONE YOUR OWN SIZE!
WHA--!AAACH!
?
GET THE GUERRILLAS
HA! I WILL SHOOT DEE BRAT!
DON'T SHOOT! YOU DUMKOPF!
FOLLOW THE BOY AND REPORT TO ME WHEN THE GUERILLAS APPROACH WELCOME THEM!
HEER COLONEL!
SILENTLY AMERICA'S SUPERLY-TRAINED SOLDIER FIGHTS AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS! BUT SOON...
GOOD! I WANTED YOU CAPTURED ALIVE! SO YOU ARE AMERICOMMANDO! I SEE YOU REALLY DESERVE YOUR REPUTATION!
AND YOU FULLY DESERVE YOURS- FOR EVERYTHING ELSE!
IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO DROP IN ON ME! NOW THE BOY WILL LEAD THE GUERRILLAS HERE AND I SHALL HAVE A TRAP PREPARED FOR THEM!
YOU SHALL AMUSE ME UNTIL THE GUERRILLAS COME! I GET SO BORED WITH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN THEY DIE TOO EASILY! BUT YOU--! WE SHALL SEE HOW YOU STAND BEING TORTURED!

MEANWHILE POPPY HAS BECOME MORE ANXIOUS WITH EACH PASSING SECOND!
THERE'S A LIMIT TO MY PATIENCE! AMERICOMMANDO! HAS NOT RETURNED! HMM... I DON'T SEE WHY I CAN'T HELP!
HE WILL BE BACK WITH AN BOY!
NO! AMERICOMMANDO MUST BE IN TROUBLE I MUST GO TO HIS RESCUE!
YOU WILL ONLY GET IN HIS WAY!
AND SO THE DAUNTLESS POPPY STEALS INTO THE VILLAGE ON A RESCUE MISSION OF HIS OWN..
THE FIEND! ME GET INTO AMERICOMMANDO'S WAY! AH! A LADDER! I'LL CLIMB TO THE ROOF AND LOOK AROUND..
OH! OH! THEY HAVE CAPTURED AMERICOMMANDO! I MUST SAVE HIM!
WELL, AMERICOMMANDO NOTHING WILL SAVE YOUR SON THIS TIME!
HERR COLONEL! THE BOY IS ON HIS WAY HERE WITH THE GUERRILLAS!
SO! GOOD! WE SHALL HAVE A SURPRISE FOR THEM! CLEAR THE STREETS TAKE OVER THE PEASANTS' HUTS AND WAIT FOR THE GUERRILLAS! WHEN THEY ENTER MACHINE-GUN THEM!
YA HERR COLONEL!
VE SHALL VIPE DEM OUT!
GOT TO WARN THE GUERRILLAS IF I COULD ONLY ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION I WOULDN'T MIND DYING FOR IT!
SO! NOW AMERICOMMANDO!
I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU!

BUT OVERLOOKING THE SCENE AN INVOLUNTARY WITNESS GROWS DESPERATE- AND CARELESS!
OH OH I CAN DO NOTHING TO SAVE MY FRIENDS! PERHAPS IF
AND AT THAT MOMENT
ALL IS LOST! I'VE BLUNDERED!
WHAT! WHO IS THAT!
ULP!
SOME FANCY FOOT-WORK COLONEL!
OOF! POOF!
DIE! SCHWEIN! ACH! MISSED!
DON'T COUNT YOUR VICTIMS BEFORE THEY'RE DEAD!
BECAUSE THEY CAN STILL USE THEIR HEADS!
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE!
QUICK! THEY HAVE YET A TRAP FOR THE GUERRILLAS! WE MUST WARN THEM!!
BUT HOW CAN WE WARN THEM!?
LET'S GET TO THE ROOF! WE SEE...
6

LOOK! THERE ARE THE GUERRILLAS!
YES AND LOOK THERE! THROUGH THAT WINDOW!
THE GUERRILLAS WILL BE SLAUGHTERED AMERICOMMANDO!
HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO!
JUMP INTO THE STREET! THE NAZIS WILL SHOOT AT ME AND THAT WILL HARM THE GUERRILLAS! WHAT DOES MY LIFE MEAN!
YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN POPPY! BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN! JUMP DOWN THERE AND GET OUT THE FLAME-THROWER TO ME!
ALL RIGHT! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU NEED IT!
AND THEN WHAT?
AND THEN WE'LL MAKE IT PLENTY HOT FOR THE NAZIS!
GOOD! NOW THE GUERRILLAS WILL KNOW SOMETHING'S UP! THEY CAN ESCAPE!
THEY'RE MORE THAN THAT! WATCH!
7

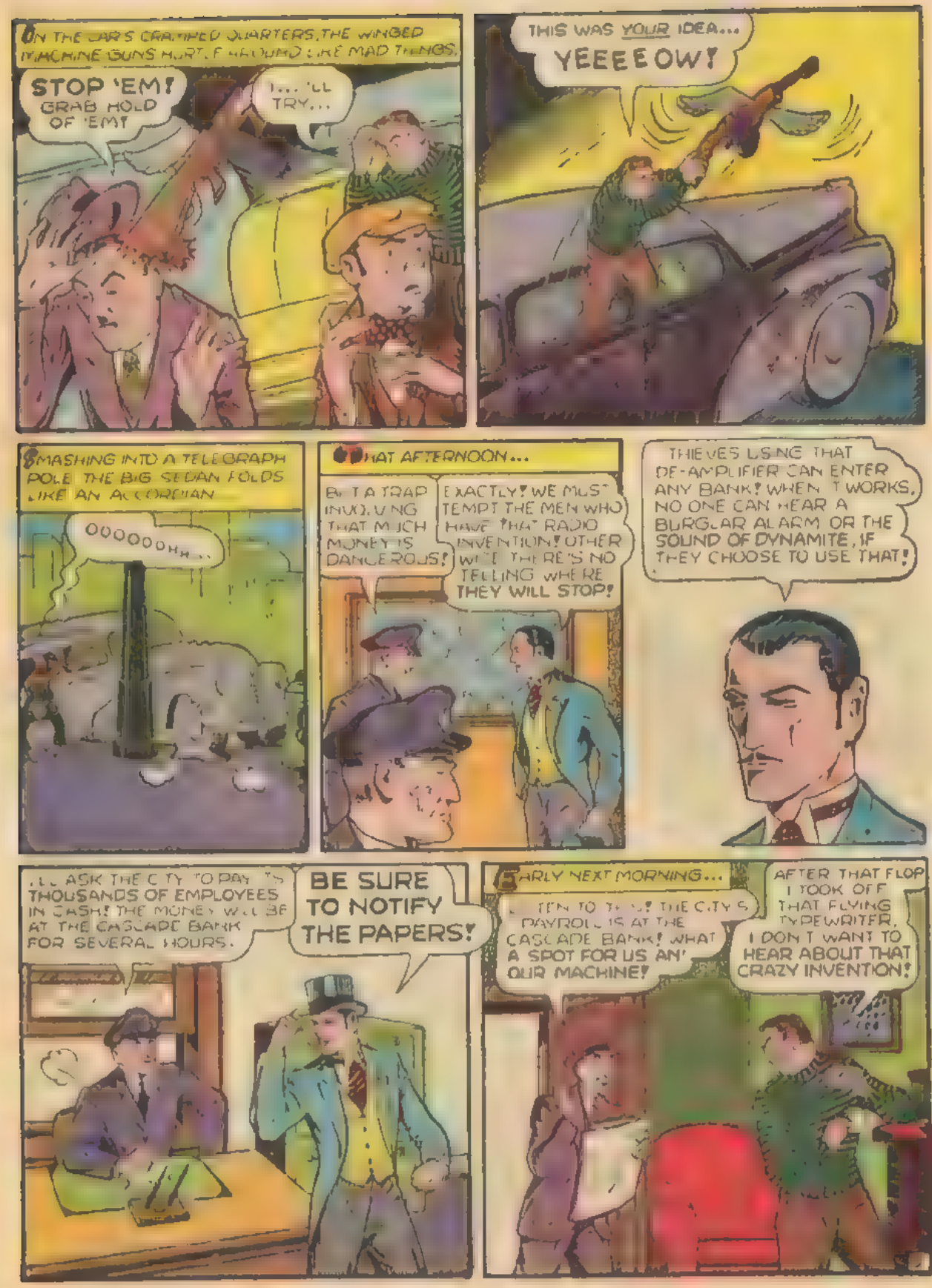
THE WOODEN HUTS FLARE UP! IN PANIC NAZ SOLDIERS FLEE FROM THE BLAZING TRAP! AND WAITING FOR THEM ARE THE GUERRILLAS!
KAMERAD!
HIMMEL!
WE ARE LOST!
YOU HAVE SAVED MY BOY!
BUT IT WAS YOUR BOY WHO BROUGHT THE GUERRILLAS BACK TO THE CAMP. HE IS A BRAVE BOY!
THESE NAZ CONQUERORS ARE FINISHED! WE WOULD HAVE WALKED INTO A TRAP AMERICOMMANDO, IF YOU HADN'T SAVED US! WE OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU!
AND HE SAVED MY LIFE UNCLE!
NO! IT IS WE IN THE REST OF THE WORLD WHO OWE A GREAT DEBT TO YOU RUSSIANS! YOU AND YOUR RED ARMY HAVE BEATEN OFF THE NAZIS PRACTICALLY ALONE AND GIVEN US TIME TO ORGANIZE OUR ARMIES! TOGETHER WE SHALL SMASH THE ENEMY!
BERNARD
ONCE AGAIN AMERICOMMANDO STRIKES AT THE AXIS WITHOUT ASKING QUARTER AND GIVING NONE! DON'T MISS HIS NEXT ADVENTURE IN THE COMING ISSUE OF ACTION COMICS!
TAKE A DOUBLE-BLACK OWL-UNITED!!
PRIZE COMICS
WOW! HERE'S A PAIR OF TITLES YOU WANTA BE SURE TO LOOK FOR EVERY ISSUE!
HEADLINE COMICS
FOR THE AMERICAN BOY
WATCH FOR THEM AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND.

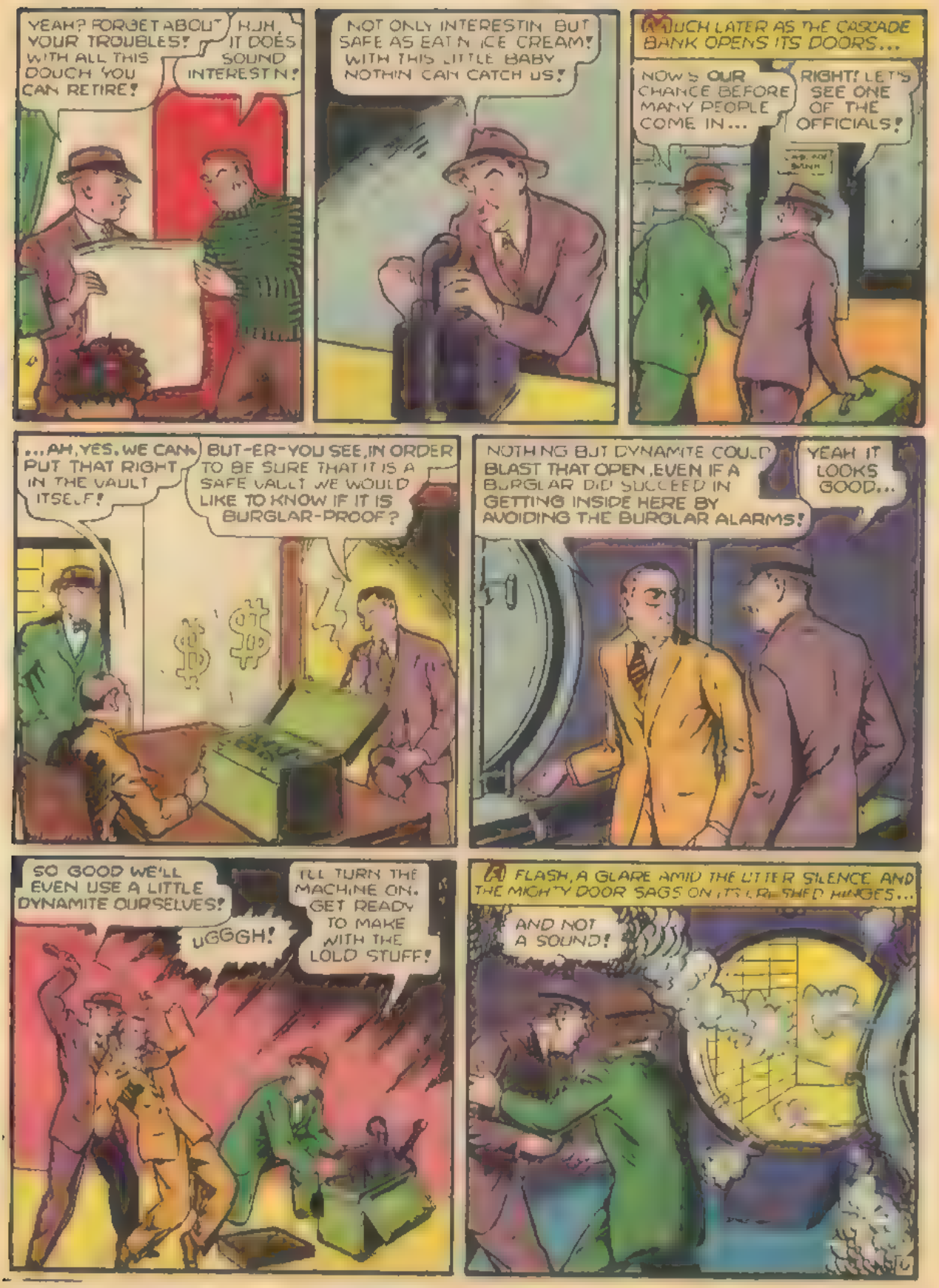

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
by JOSEPH SULMAN...
WHEN THE CRACKLE OF TOMMY-GUN FIRE MAKES NO MORE NOISE THAN A FEATHER FLOATING TO THE GROUND; WHEN SCREAMS FOR HELP ARE HUSHED AS THE DEAD OF NIGHT; WHEN ROBBERY IS COMMITTED TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A PALL OF SILENCE THE UNDERWORLD HARVEST IS RICH WITH GOLD AND GREENBACKS! AND EVEN WHEN THE MASTER MAGICIAN TIPTOES INTO THE SINISTER STILLNESS OF THESE CRIMES OF CALM, HE FINDS HIS MAGIC POWERLESS AGAINST THE MUFFLED MENACE IN....
"QUIET... THUGS AT WORK!"
SH-H
SH-H
NIGHT CASTS SOMBRE SHADOWS ACROSS THE AMERICAN RESEARCH LABORATORIES.. IN THE DARK A CROUCHED FORM MOVES SWIFTLY, SILENTLY...
THAT PAYROLL OUGHT TO BE IN THE SAFE IN THIS ROOM. AH I SEE IT!
A CARELESSLY PLACED SEARCHLIGHT TOUCHES A SWITCH ON A STRANGE MACHINE.
THIS LITTLE CRIB WON'T TAKE LONG TO CRACK!
CLICK.
A DEAD SILENCE BLANKETS THE ROOM...
THAT'S FUNNY. I CAN'T HEAR THE TUMBLERS MOVIN'!

LIPS MOVE... BUT NO SOUND COMES FORTH...
I'M SICK! I'VE LOST MY VOICE! I CAN'T TALK NO MORE!
IN BLIND TERROR, THE SECOND STORY MAN STUMBLES ABOUT THE ROOM.
I'M GOIN' CRAZY! NUTTIN' MAKES NOISE NO MORE!
SAY, I WONDER IF THIS THING'S GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?
AND OUT THE WINDOW GOES THE SECOND-STORY MAN.
WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF! I TURNED THIS THING OFF AND NOW I CAN HEAR THINGS AGAIN!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SOMEBODY IN THE RESEARCH LAB! I'LL NAIL HIM!
CRASSSH!
BANG!
THE ROOM IS EMPTY, BUT A VOICE FLOATS IN MID-AIR AS THE RENDING CRASH OF FALLING EQUIPMENT SHATTERS THE AIR!
ULP! I'M CRAZY! I HEAR THINGS BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!
CRASH!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN'T HEAR THE TUMBLERS!
WHAT GOES ON? I CAN'T MEMORIZE THIS!
OH-OH
THERE GO'S SOMETHING ELSE! NO NOISE!
BANG!

TWO DAYS LATER IN THE FARMERS TRUST BANK....
OKAY, RATSY.. TURN ON THE SWITCH!
RIGHT!
INSTANTLY THE BUSY HUM OF TALK AND THE CLINK OF MONEY ON COUNTERS CEASE! A SINISTER SILENCE DESCENDS....
...TING THROUGH THE STILLNESS, THE GUNMEN RACE FROM CAGE TO CAGE...
THE ALARM DOESN'T WORK!
SHRIEKING SUB-MACHINE GUNS SCATTER THE AROUSED CROWD AS THE VICIOUS CRIMINALS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SILENT BANK TO MAKE THEIR GETAWAY...
DOWN THE STREET, ATTRACTED BY THE SIGHT OF THE FLEEING GUNMEN, CHARGES THE MASTER MAGICIAN...
THAT'S ODD! I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING! PERHAPS I'M GETTING DEAF....
INCREDIBLE! FOR A MOMENT THERE I COULDN'T HEAR, AND NOW I CAN HEAR EVERYTHING...
BRRRING!
BANG!
CRASH!
BANG
BANG
BANG
WHA-WHAT'S THAT? ANOTHER CROWD OF CROOKS?
3

A HOLD-UP!
HELP! HELP! HELP!
THE ALARM WON'T WORK!
VOICES... AND NO ONE SPEAKING! THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
IT'S JUST AS IF SOMETHING STOPPED THE SOUND..THEN LET IT RETURN AFTER A WHILE! IT'S EERIE TO HEAR OUR VOICES... MINUTES AFTER WE SPOKE!
FANTASTIC!
MEANWHILE AS THE GETAWAY CAR LURCHES AROUND THE CORNER.
BANG! BANG! BANG!
THAT'S US SHOOTIN RATSY! HUH WE CAN EVEN HEAR OURSELVES TALKIN!
THIS IS A REAL TREAT! THIS THING REPRODUCES SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE SOUND-WAVES DO IN A ROOM WE'VE LEFT!
SUDDENLY, THE VOICE OF ZATARA IS HEARD!
SGEL EB FO REBBUR!
HEY WHAT'S THAT?
I DUNNO, BUT I FEEL SORTA FUNNY!
YEEEOW! MY LEGS! THEY WON'T HOLD UP! THEY BEEN CHANGED TO RUBBER!
* TO TRANSLATE, READ THIS BACKWARDS...
UNABLE TO STOP, THE CAR CAREENS WILDLY THROUGH TRAFFIC.
AAAAGH!
THE TYPEWRITERS.. GOT WINGS!
LOOK OUT! IT'S COMIN' YOUR WAY!


ON THE CAR'S CRAMPED QUARTERS, THE WINGED MACHINE GUNS HURTLE AROUND LIKE MAD THINGS.
STOP 'EM! GRAB HOLD OF 'EM!
I... 'LL TRY...
THIS WAS YOUR IDEA...
YEEEEOW!
SMASHING INTO A TELEGRAPH POLE THE BIG SEDAN FOLDS LIKE AN ACCORDIAN
OOOOOOHH...
THAT AFTERNOON...
BUT A TRAP INVOLVING THAT MUCH MONEY IS DANGEROUS!
EXACTLY! WE MUST TEMPT THE MEN WHO HAVE "THAT" RADIO INVENTION! OTHER WISE THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE THEY WILL STOP!
THIEVES USING THAT DE-AMPLIFIER CAN ENTER ANY BANK! WHEN IT WORKS, NO ONE CAN HEAR A BURGLAR ALARM OR THE SOUND OF DYNAMITE, IF THEY CHOOSE TO USE THAT!
I'LL ASK THE CITY TO PAY ITS THOUSANDS OF EMPLOYEES IN CASH! THE MONEY WILL BE AT THE CASCADE BANK FOR SEVERAL HOURS.
BE SURE TO NOTIFY THE PAPERS!
EARLY NEXT MORNING...
TEN TO ONE! THE CITY'S PAYROLL IS AT THE CASCADE BANK! WHAT A SPOT FOR US AN' OUR MACHINE!
AFTER THAT FLOP I TOOK OFF THAT FLYING TYPEWRITER. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THAT CRAZY INVENTION!


YEAH? FORGET ABOUT YOUR TROUBLES! WITH ALL THIS DOUGH YOU CAN RETIRE!
HJH, IT DOES SOUND INTERESTN!
NOT ONLY INTERESTIN BUT SAFE AS EATN ICE CREAM! WITH THIS LITTLE BABY NOTHIN CAN CATCH US!
MUCH LATER AS THE CASCADE BANK OPENS ITS DOORS...
NOW'S OUR CHANCE BEFORE MANY PEOPLE COME IN...
RIGHT! LET'S SEE ONE OF THE OFFICIALS!
...AH, YES. WE CAN PUT THAT RIGHT IN THE VAULT ITSELF!
BUT-ER-YOU SEE, IN ORDER TO BE SURE THAT IT IS A SAFE VAULT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF IT IS BURGLAR-PROOF?
NOTHING BUT DYNAMITE COULD BLAST THAT OPEN, EVEN IF A BURGLAR DID SUCCEED IN GETTING INSIDE HERE BY AVOIDING THE BURGLAR ALARMS!
YEAH IT LOOKS GOOD...
SO GOOD WE'LL EVEN USE A LITTLE DYNAMITE OURSELVES!
UGGGH!
I'LL TURN THE MACHINE ON. GET READY TO MAKE WITH THE LOLD STUFF!
A FLASH, A GLARE AMID THE UTTER SILENCE AND THE MIGHTY DOOR SAGS ON ITS SHRIVELED HINGES...
AND NOT A SOUND!

I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS AT ALL! I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE...
AS THE MASTER MAGICIAN ASKS A QUESTION OF THE BANK GUARD HIS LIPS MOVE..BUT EMIT NO SOUND.
OHOH! THE DE-AMPLIFIER IS WORKING! THOSE CROOKS ARE ALREADY HERE!
THEY'RE INSIDE...!
UNHEARD THE MASTER MAGICIAN ENTERS THE BANK VAULT...
ZATARA! WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
MY MAGIC WON'T WORK!.
A CRUSHING FIST IS DRIVEN INTO AN ASTOUNDED GANGSTER'S FACE...
...BUT MAYBE THIS WILL...
WILDLY SWAYING MEN BATTLE IN THE NARROW QUARTERS...
I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM - SOMEHOW!
A VICIOUS BLACKJACK DESCRIBES A SHORT SAVAGE ARC...
GOT HIM!

SILENT TOMMYGUNS BLAST THEIR LEADEN PELLETS OF DEATH...
NOBODY FOLLOWIN' US! WE DID IT SO QUIETLY, NOBODY GOT WISE!
IT'S A CINCH! BOY, WHAT A HAUL WE MADE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN, LISTENIN' TO ANOTHER OF OUR PERFECT CRIMES!
BOOM!
MEANWHILE, THE EXPLOSION OF THE DYNAMITE AROUSES ZATARA..
I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THOSE THUGS! IT WAS ON MY ADVICE THAT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER PLANNED THIS TRAP, AND KEPT HIS MEN AWAY!
BOOM!
STNIRP RAEPPA!
I'LL FOLLOW THEIR FOOTPRINTS...
LIKE A GIGANTIC BIRD, THE MASTER MAGICIAN PURSUES THE GOLDEN GLOW OF THE TIRE-TREADS OF THE GETAWAY CAR...
SDAERT ENIHS!
AS THE GANGSTERS ENTER THEIR APARTMENT, THE DE-AMPLIFIER SOUNDS AGAIN...
ESIR PU!
THERE'S THAT VOICE AGAIN!

BUT IT WON'T NO MORE...!
IT'S THAT MAGICIAN GUY! HIS MAGIC WORKS AFTER HE MAKES WITH IT, THANKS TO THAT DE-AMPLIFIER!
I'LL SETTLE THIS MACHINERY FIRST.. THEN.. STELLUB ETIB NEM!
TAKE THIS...
OWW! OWTCH! OOOH!
OUR OWN BULLETS ARE BITIN' US!
THE GANGSTERS PLUNGE FLOORWARD WITH SICKENING FORCE....
WE'LL TURN ON THEM WHEN THEY COME TO!
RIGHT!
OOOF!
KEEP WALKIN'!
AND WHEN YOU SEE A JAIL—STOP!
I'LL RETURN THIS DE-AMPLIFIER TO THE RADIO RESEARCH INSTITUTE...
YOU SEE, THIS DE-AMPLIFIER WORKS ON THE OPPOSITE PRINCIPLE FROM THAT OF THE LOUDSPEAKER. INSTEAD OF AMPLIFYING SOUND WAVES, IT MAKES THEM SO FAINT IT TAKES TIME FOR THEM TO BECOME LOUD ENOUGH TO HEAR! I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR RECOVERING IT!
AN' AS FOR YOU GUYS, SINCE YOU LIKE QUIET SO MUCH, I'M GOING TO SEE YOU GET PLENTY OF IT— SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!
THE END.
GET IN THE SCRAP, BEAT THE NAZI AND THE JAP! BUY BONDS AND STAMPS!!
9

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a *New Man?*

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